This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

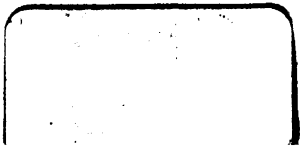
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



NAC
Stearns

WATER SPOUTS

COMPILED BY

J. N. STEARNS.

NEW YORK:

National Temperance Society and Publication House,

58 READE STREET.

Temperance

New Temperance Dialogues.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has just published three new dialogues, written by H. Elliott McBride:

1. **A Boy's Rehearsal,** for eight boys, in which each one rehearses his speech selected for a public meeting. This is one of the best temperance dialogues for boys ever published. 18mo, 20 pages, 10 cents; single copies, per dozen $1.00
2. **A Talk on Temperance,** for two boys, an earnest effort for recruits for a public meeting. 18mo, 7 pages, 6 cents single copies; per dozen ..... .60
3. **A Bitter Dose,** two characters, man and wife. The drunkard cured by a "bitter dose." 18mo, 14 pages, 10 cents single copies; per dozen. 1.00

The following has also Recently been Published.

4. **Trial of John Barleycorn,** by a Jury of twelve men, with Attorney-General, Counsel, Sheriffs, and fifteen Witnesses, 10 cents each; per dozen..... 1.00

The following are Excellent Dialogues previously published.

Marry No Man if He Drinks. 10 cents	Per dozen	1.00
Which will You Choose? By Miss M. D. Chellis. 15 cents.	"	1.50
Wine as a Medicine. 10 cents	"	1.00
The Stumbling Block. 10 cents	"	1.00
Shall I Marry a Moderate Drinker? 10 cents	"	1.00
Trial and Condemnation of Judas Woemaker. 15 cents	"	1.50
The First Glass; or, The Power of Woman's Influence, and **The Young Teetotaler;** or, Saved at Last. 15 cents for both.	"	1.50
Reclaimed; or, The Danger of Moderate Drinking. 10 cents.	"	1.00
The Alcohol Fiend. 6 cents	"	.60

CONCERT EXERCISES.

The Two Ways. By George Thayer. 5 cents each	Per dozen	.60
The Cup of Death. By Rev. W. F. Crafts. 5 cents each..	"	.60
The Two Wines. By T. R. Thompson. 5 cents each.....	"	.60
The Alcohol Fiend. By Rev. W. F. Crafts. 5 cents each.	"	.60
Temperance Exercise. By Edward Clark. 18mo	"	.60
Scripture Testimony. By T. R. Thompson. 5 cts. each..	"	.60
Beware of Strong Drink. By Mrs. E. H. Thompson. 5 cts. each	"	.60
The Contrast. By T. R. Thompson. 3 cents each.....	"	.36
The Fruits Thereof. By T. R. Thompson. 5 cents each.	"	.60
Scripture Characters. By T. R. Thompson. 5 cents each.	"	.60

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The Catechism on Alcohol. By Miss Julia Colman. 36 pages	"	.60
Band of Hope Manual. 36 pages	"	.60
Chromo Pledge Card. Containing either the single or triple pledge	per hundred	2.00
Pocket Pledge-Book. With space for 80 names.		.10
The Temperance Speaker. By J. N. Stearns. 288 pages		.75
The National Temperance Orator. By Miss L. Penney. 12mo, 288 pages.		1.00
Ripples of Song. 64 pages. Single copies, 15 cents	per hundred	12.00

A new collection of Temperance Hymns and Songs, designed for children and youth in Sabbath-schools, Bands of Hope, Juvenile Templars, Cadets of Temperance, etc.

Readings and Recitations, Nos. 1 and 2. 96 pages. By Miss L. Penney. Each ..... .25

Address J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

58 Reade Street, New York.

N/AL

Stear

WATER SPOUTS.

WATER SPOUTS.

EDITED BY J. N. STEARNS.

NEW YORK:

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,

No. 58 READE STREET.

1879.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
124964B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1941 L

COPYRIGHT.
J N. STEARNS, PUBLISHING AGENT.
1877.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
After Toil comes Rest,	57
Anecdotes, 39, 52, 62, 70, 74, 85, 88. 105, 142, 210,	240
Acrostic, 96,	100
An Old Rhyme,	108
Address to a Jug of Rum,	119
Alphabetical List of Evils Frequently Produced by Intoxicating Liquors,	152
Awake the Glad Young Year,	181
An Acrostic on the Word "Distillery,"	186
Beginning and the Ending, The	17
Battle Call,	36
Banner and the Stars, The,	87
Buried Flask, The,	90
Best Crutch, The,	99
Bondage of Drink, The,	120
Birds' Christmas-Tree,	121
Best Drink, The, 134,	231
Best Fun, The,	159
Bible Testimony,	161
Blindfold	169
Blowing Bubbles,	183
Beware of the Serpent,	186
Best Medicine, The,	197
Beautiful Childhood,	245
Charade,	14
Cold Water Remedy, A,	53
Clear the Way,	57
Crusaders' Battle-Hymn,	86
Centennial Puzzle Picture,	89
Charley's Trials,	111
Cat and Kittens,	167
Come Home Mother,	187
Communion Wine,	190
Coming Day, The,	192
Children's Pledge, The,	195
Cold Water,	206
Dash it Down,	30
Delirium Tremens,	63
Do You See my Lamb?	76
Drinking and Gambling,	97
Difference, The,	110
Dolly's Party,	124
Don't Begin,	170
Drink! Think!	170
Drunkard's Voyage of Life, The,	175
Diamond Puzzle, 220	224
Drink not a Drop,	225
Dangerous Companions,	233
Death's Harbingers,	238
Daily Duty,	240
Diagonal Puzzle,	246

41X323

	PAGE
Extreme Simplicity,	48
Effects of Drunkenness, The,	94
Evil Net, The,	213
Epitaph on a Whiskey-Bottle,	222
Family Clock, The,	19
Four Seasons, The,	20
Father's Wine,	69
Flowers for a Grave,	93
Fool's Excuse, A,	102
Fruits of License, The,	133
Feeding the Mind,	225
Fair Outside,	243
Good Time Coming, The,	16, 156
Gilded Trap, A,	71
Grief Banished by Wine,	131
He Blights the Corn Before it Reach the Ear,	41
Here is my Hand, my Brother!	44
Holiday Toys,	47
How to Build,	53
Hexy's Pond Lilies,	59
He Followed his Nose,	79
Head of the Family, The,	107
Happy Rabbits,	165
Happy Family, The,	173
Happy New Year, A,	191
Help One Another,	194
Insulted Goose, The—A Puzzle-Picture,	85
Is it Right to License?	165
John and the King,	40
Justice *vs.* Law,	116
Joe's Lesson,	143
Jug or Not,	171
King Alcohol,	18
Keep thy Heart with all Dilligence,	234
Learning to Drink,	37
Little by Little,	95
Lager-Beer,	104
License at the Bar of God, A	156
Little Flower-Girl, The,	163
Learning to Count,	166
Lost or Stolen,	174
License or No License,	178
Look not Upon the Wine!	201
Marched Out,	15
Miss Vine Makes a Speech,	23
Mary Brown,	61
Mocker, A,	64
Moderate Drinker, The,	88
Madeline's Choice,	122
Mackenzie's, Mr., Answer,	130
Man or Monkey,	145
Men Wanted,	146
Moderation,	180
Moderation in Intoxicating Liquors,	207
Margie's Hammer,	241
New Disguise, A,	26
Nellie's Dotty Dimple,	38
New Year, The,	56
Not Fit for a Beverage,	78
New Currency, A,	103
Nothing can Come of It,	141
Not for a Hundred Dimes, Sir!	156
No Drunkards There,	162
Old Rye makes a Speech,	27
Out of the Fire,	139
Only Once! And No, Not Once!	150

	PAGE
Old Oaken Bucket, The,	153
Onward and Upward,	168
Old Nick Outdone,	130
Out in the Storm,	185
Opposition to Water,	198
Our Parish,	200
Old Ben,	215
On Guard,	227
Posers,	42
Puzzle-Pictures, 54, 84, 89, 129, 132, 236, 237, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254,	255
Puzzle,	72
Parable, A,	114
Pledge the Children,	123
Pledge, The,	152
Plucky Temperance Man, A,	203
Purchasing Freedom,	211
Prohibition,	244
Respectable Rum-Shop, A,	11
Rum-Fiend, The,	28
Root out the Poison,	33
Rumseller Cursed, The,	46
Rumseller's Wish, The	50
Robin, The,	75
Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine,	147
Right will Triumph, The,	157
Reasons why Children and Youth Should sign the Pledge,	182
Reasons for Signing the Pledge,	199
Responsibility,	205
Rumselling brings Sorrow,	212
So it Goes,	12
Scruples to a Dram,	14
"Sung the Pledge,"	24
Speech of the Old Apple-Tree,	85
Saloon, The, 35,	117
Stand by your Colors,	52
Somebody's Drunk,	55
Signal Lights,	77
Snowball,	102
Something for Everybody,	105
Strike the Root,	108
Sober Test, The,	123
Smoking Agreeable,	125
Second Declaration of Independence,	157
Searching for the Bottle—A Shadow-Picture,	133
Seed Time,	184
Signing the Pledge, 196,	221
Square Word Puzzle,	216
Stand by the Temperance Ship,	218
Shadow-Picture,	237
Snowed In,	239
Temptation,	9
Temperance Toasts, 10,	48
Touch not the Cup,	91
Toper's Autumn Soliloquy,	42
Temperance Sheep, The,	49
To the Rescue,	94
Traveller's Testimony, A,	114
True Friend, A,	118
Two Flasks, The,	140
Temperance in Sunday Schools,	146
Temperance Fable,	150
Temperance Work,	154
Take in the Dove,	155
Temperance Dialogue, A,	160
Teetotal Alphabet,	164
Toast to be Drank in Pure Water,	178
Tobacco,	180

	PAGE
Temperance Doctor, The,	209
Teetotalers Confess their Failure The,	210
Ten Reasons against Intoxicating Drinks,	219
Tempted by his Wife,	223
Torn Pledge, The,	229
To a Drunkard,	230
Taste not the Cup,	247
Temple Labyrinth, The,	248
Unjust Gains,	106
Uncle Peter's Saloon,	217
Verdict, The,	82
Water Lilies,	13
Wine Question, The,	22
Worse than Poverty,	31
When my Ship comes Home,	45
When Rum shall cease to Reign,	55
What Did It?	65
Wealth and Wine,	67
Women's Crusade, The,	73
Wrecks,	91
What Nobody Should Do,	129
Welcome Visitor, The,	137
Way she Cured him, The,	179
What is Moderate Drinking?	195
We shall Triumph!	207
Woman and Wine,	238
Year, The,	135
Young Man's Course, The,	154
Young Teetotaler, The,	193
Youthful Advocate, The,	172

WATER SPOUTS.

Temptation.

MR. JOSEPH TRAVERS enjoyed the advantages of wealth, culture, and refined society. Unfortunately, he became

the victim of intemperance, and his unrestrained indulgence at the social board was a source of alarm and pain to his parents. To rescue him from the pangs of habitual drunkenness, his father sent him to the State of Maine, where he hoped the laws of prohibition would protect him from the fell destroyer. The young man signed the pledge of total abstinence, and kept it inviolate during his residence there.

He had been absent about a year. He had weaned himself, he said, from the intoxicating cup; and he seemed to be proud of the victory he had achieved, and determined to report in person at his palatial home, on the Fifth Avenue, in the city of New York. He was greeted with a hearty welcome, and hailed as a hero who had conquered himself. "He who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city." A few evenings after his arrival home, he was invited to spend an evening at a social party among some of his former acquaintances and friends. There he met a former schoolmate—Miss Julia Thayer. The similarity of their initials had often been the theme of comment and sportive reference. Miss Thayer was the belle of the party—handsome, graceful, accomplished; and she offered Joseph a glass of wine. He declined at first, with the comical remark, "Not for Joseph, if he knows it." "Why," continued the charming tempter, "this is home-made wine, made by my own mother. It will not hurt you. You will not refuse to drink with me?" Joseph reluctantly took the glass in his hand, and drank its contents to please the daughter of his host. He was led home that night in a state of intoxication. His old habit returned with more than its wonted force, and in a few months Miss Thayer and her friends were invited to follow the remains of this young man to his untimely grave in Greenwood Cemetery.

A Respectable Rumshop.

It is pleasant and attractive to the eyes of all; and the proprietors and clerks are gentlemanly and winning. They get up very agreeable drinks with delightful flavors and innocent names, and serve them out in most seductive style. The company out there is stylish, too, with genial manners, and cordial greetings, and generous habits. In short, they present every inducement here to tempt respectable people to drink. They do not sell to drunkards, here.

This is done at the "low" rumshop, which is filthy, coarse, disgusting; and its frequenters are like with it—a nuisance to themselves and everybody else. They are the same that learned to drink at the respectable shop; but now the appetite is formed; they must have the rum, and they don't care where they get it.

One makes drunkards out of decent men, the other finishes them off. Which kind of a shop will you have? One that entices your respectable brother or son to become a drunkard, or one into which no respectable person will enter? A respectable place which will soon bring the finishing shop in its train, as one that alone will soon die out for want of subjects? Oh! that no Temperance man would ever again say palliatingly, "We have but one rumshop in our village, and that is quite a respectable place."

So It Goes.

THE papers say:

When a young lady signs the pledge,
It's just as good as two;
For, when her sweetheart finds it out,
He's got to sign it, too.

We would add:

If the youth refuse to sign,
You may be sure he's smitten
With the rival charms of *wine;*
So give him, girls, the mitten.

WHILE a chemical lecturer was describing the nature of gas, an old lady anxiously enquired of a gentleman what he meant by oxy-gin and hydro-gin. "Why, madam," replied he, "they are nearly alike, only oxy-gin is pure gin, and hydro-gin is gin and water."

THE man who confines himself to the drink best for him is *well* supplied.

Water-Lilies.

THE Band of Hope, in Springdell, were going to have a celebration for the Fourth of July. So they had a fine dinner—each four boys having a table of their own, with cakes, lemonade, ice-cream, or anything nice they could coax their mothers to prepare or their extra pennies to furnish. Very low were their prices, and very well patronized were their half-dozen tables. And no one sold more than Jessie and Ralph Sterling. I think it was because of the beautiful fresh water-lilies that formed a complete edge about their table. How could that be? Nothing easier. Get the tinner to make a tin trough, about two inches wide and an inch high, just to fit about the four

sides of your table, and fill it with wet sand, and put in your white lilies in their beautiful green, and you will see what a table they had. And for what was the money which the Band of Hope boys took in? To get silver badges for their old tin ones, and to take THE TEMPERANCE BANNER for their new Sabbath-school. No wonder the *girls* formed a new Band of Hope after this celebration, and kept their secrets well, letting nothing be known of their most important doings, save the *name* of their Society, which, of course, was "THE WATER-LILIES." Perhaps their secret will come out next Fourth of July!

KRUNA.

Scruples to a Dram.

DRUNKARD.—Three scruples used to make a drachm;
But I've improved the table:
I find *no* scruples to a dram—
Beat that, if you are able!

TEETOTALER.—*You* find no scruple to a dram;
But has your wife not found
Another table where one dram
Will often make *a pound?*

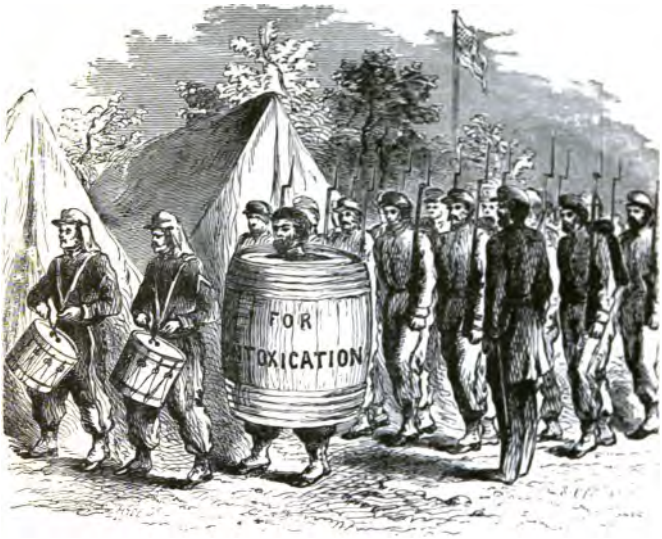
DRUNKARD.—You've turned the tables well on me!
I'm beat on that—and *so is she!*

Charade.

My *first* you'll own is *never* bad,
What *all* should strive to be;
My second often may be had
For quite a trifling "fee";
My whole is known throughout the land
By leaders of the Temperance Band.

Ans.—Good Templar.

"ARE the jury agreed?" asked a judge of a court attaché, whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yis," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for half a gallon."



Marched Out.

It was rather a perversion of "Yankee Doodle," but that was what the drummers beat and the soldiers sang as they marched off Corporal Flip in an immense beer-barrel. He had held too much from the barrel, and the Colonel thought it was a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways, and so he let the barrel *hold him*. How would you like that, boys? Look at Corporal Flip's head, and see how fine a thing it is to be made *conspicuous!*

In the army, men have to walk pretty straight. Sometimes they are punished by having to drag about with them a heavy ball and chain. Sometimes they wear a placard on their backs, with the word "Coward" or "Thief" printed on it in large, bright letters. But this punishment of Corporal Flip's is worse than either. Yes, because his *crime* was worse. You can easily see that he has been guilty of drunkenness. You may *not* as easily

see that it is worse than cowardice or theft, but it is. It is the father of cowards and of thieves, and, more, of murderers. "But *you* are not in the army, so you can drink and not *be* made conspicuous, like Corporal Flip!" Do not deceive yourselves. There is a Cold Water Army, and every boy or man who breaks *its* laws soon becomes as conspicuous as Corporal Flip. He may not march to a lively tune, in a beer-barrel; but he is none the less conspicuous for that. He reels along beneath a crownless hat, with a troop of boys shouting in his train; and it needs no words, in bright printed letters, to set forth his guilt. "For Intoxication" is stamped on his bloated features, his swollen eyes, his staggering step, his road-side bed, as plainly as you can see it on Corporal Flip's beer-barrel.

Will you join the Cold Water Army, and never be the one to be marched out? If you aim to be *conspicuous*, don't seek it as the hero of a beer-barrel. KRUNA.

WHAT is the difference between a weaver and a drunkard?—*Ans.*—One spins and reels; and the other *reels*, without spinning

The Good Time Coming.

OH! when will men be wise,
And folly cease to reign?
When will they virtue prize,
And from strong drink abstain?
When will they cease to fill
Sweet homes with strife and woe?
To welcome every ill,
Intemperance can bestow?
When, oh! when?

Author of all good things!
Oh! make the people wise.
Lead to the living springs,
To pure and heavenly joys!
May all abstain
From drinks which slay
And haste the day
When Christ shall reign!

If children are permitted to trifle with the bottle, they will be pretty sure to sow the seeds of intemperance, and from those seeds there will grow up a harvest of woes whose torments are indescribable.

A taste of domestic wine; the sugar and spirits at the bottom of the goblet when the company has gone; the alcoholic cordial in the cradle, all tend to create and feed the fearful appetite of the drunkard.

The rosy and radiant boy, the hope of his father and the pet of his mother, will grow not to noble manhood, but the slave of habit—debauched and debilitated—a thing in rags, instead of a man. The drunkard is often a tyrant, and his wife and children dread his approach. Tears cannot touch his heart—the counsel of friends is lost upon him until the evil spirit is cast out.

The Beginning.

And the Ending.

King Alcohol.

THE history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage, and ruin.

He has taken the glory of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine-cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye, and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shapen and bloated.

He has taken strength from the limbs, and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the steps, and made them faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death.

He has taken the impress of manhood from off the face, and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.

He has bribed the tongue to madness and cursing.

He has turned the hands from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship, and planted seeds of enmity.

He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed the loving mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has taken luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and beg for bread.

He has stripped backs of the broadcloth and silk, and clothed them with rags.

He has taken away acres, and given not even a decent burial-place in death.

He has crowded our courts, and filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.

He has peopled our poor-houses, and straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.

The Family Clock.

ONE by one the valuable articles of furniture have been taken from the home of the Clarks by the selfish and unsparing father. Each time they wondered what would go next. Do you ask what for? 'Tis the old, old story—he must have liquor, and the money to buy it.

Time was when their rooms were handsomely furnished, and he as proud of their possessions as was his dear

little wife; but that was in the past. There yet remained the dear old family clock. Surely he would not dare touch that! Why, that clock was given them by Mrs. Clark's mother, on their wedding-day, and she had kept it many years before. It was a family heirloom—valuable of its kind, and looked as good as new.

But, the father must have money, "by hook or by crook," as he says, and he deliberately takes it from the shelf, where it has stood for so many years. What can they do without its tick, tick, tick? The children's tears and pleadings are useless, however. Go it must, and go it did, while the children mourned, but inwardly resolved never to touch the stuff that had so changed their father.

The Four Seasons.

SPRING. SUMMER.

IN Spring-time, Satan sowed the tares among the wheat;
Both grew alike, and none surmised the cheat.

In Summer-time, the tares are plainly seen,
And blossom while as yet the wheat is green.

By Autumn-time, the tares now grown and spread
And ripened; but, alas! the wheat is dead.

In Winter (as of wheat there is no yield),
The tares are burnt, and, burning, burn the field

AUTUMN. WINTER.

'Tis thus the boy, who, tempted to the bar,
Begins with cider or a mild cigar.

In youth, perhaps, the wine, and card or dice,
Rival a mother's prayers and good advice.

In manhood, brandy has the full control
Of mind and body, brain, and even soul.

When old, a bloated wreck without a friend,
Who in a ditch or prison finds the end.

EDWARD CARSWEL:

Touch Not the Cup.

BEWARE, young man, beware!
There's danger in the cup;
It hides the tempter's snare;
Oh! do not drink it up.
'Tis braver far its lord to be
Than let it live to conquer thee.

Young woman, shun the glass,
It is thy sex's bane;
Pray let the goblet pass,
It may bring thee to shame;
For father, brother, husband, son,
Are, day by day, by it undone.

The Wine Question.

"WINE is a mocker." The word wine occurs in the Bible 261 times; 121 times it contains warnings, 71 times it contains warnings and reproofs, 12 times it denounces it as poisonous and venomous, and 5 times it totally prohibits it. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." No one doubts that intoxicating wine is referred to. But wine is also referred to in the Bible as a blessing, making the heart glad—an emblem of purity and spiritual mercies. It is used to symbolize the blood of the atonement, and is to be drunk anew in our Father's kingdom. This is not the wine which mocks and deceives, and which "at last bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder." Two kinds of wine are referred to, one fermented and the other unfermented—one intoxicating and the other unintoxicating. Christ never made, or drank, or recommended intoxicating wine. Nothing fermented was or could be used at the Passover or Lord's Supper. The entire subject of the wines of the ancients, and the wedding-wine at Cana, expediency, good and bad wine, etc., is fully discussed in a little book recently published by the National Temperance Society, entitled "Laws of Fermentation," by Rev. Wm. Patton, D.D., clearly proving that two kinds of wines existed in Judea at the time of our Saviour, and that the alcoholic kind never should be used as a beverage.

"'STAY till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.'
'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts,' Hector rejoined.
'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind:
Let chiefs abstain—and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods—*'tis fitter use.*'"—*Homer.*

Two swallows make no summer,"
A fact allowed by all;
But tipplers often show to us
That twenty make—*a fall!*

HE who violates a pledge to which he has written his name strikes down his honor with his own hand.

Miss Vine makes a Speech.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I AM the fruitful vine,
And, making no pretence
To eloquence, I speak
In simple self-defence.
Great sins are charged to me,
And poverty, and woe,
For which I'm not to blame;
And this the world should know.
I'm sent to bless mankind;
But he is not content
To take the gift from God,
And use it as it's sent;
But changes and distorts
Until the good is ill;
And even food for life
Is made a thing to kill.
He even makes from drugs
A stuff, and calls it wine,
Tho' never in the grape
Nor nurtured by the vine.
The wine I give is good,
And hideth not a sting,
But that the world calls wine
Is quite another thing.

"Sung the Pledge."

A BOY asked his father, who was in the habit of using wine, if he might go to one of the Band of Hope meetings. "Yes, my boy," he said, "but you must not sign the pledge." He went, and they sang the tune, "Cheer up, my lively lads," repeating the chorus over and over again, as follows:

"Cheer up, my lively lads,
In spite of rum and cider;
Cheer up, my lively lads,
We've signed the pledge together."

As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true: "We have signed the pledge together." He had not signed the pledge. When he reached home, he sat down at the table; and on it was a jug of cider. "Jem," said one of his brothers, "will you have some cider?" "No, thank you," was the reply. "Why not? don't you like it?" "Oh! I'm never going to drink any more cider—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!" "My boy," said his father, "you have not disobeyed me? You have not signed the pledge?" "No, father," said he, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've *sung* it; and I'm never going to touch another drop as long as I live."

It was the means of his father's signing the pledge, and being one of the active workers in the cause of temperance. Sing, boys sing!

THE beer-drinkers, tipplers, and wine-bibbing men
May drink at the tap, and say, "Fill her again!"
We'll drink pure water, that ne'er muddles the brain,
And while slaking our thirst, we'll say, "Fill her again!"

Yes, fill her again, boys, quite up to the rim,
No matter at all if it's up to the brim:
No man upon earth was ever made drunk
While drinking pure water, quite fresh from the pump

Speech of the Old Apple-Tree.

I AM an old apple-tree,
Dying, you see,
Though the best in the orchard
I used to be.
I have borne many apples
For Farmer Brown
To store in his cellar or
Sell in the town.

He has *eaten* my apples,
Both green and dry,
When stewed and when roasted,
In pudding and pie.
Thus used, they were good, giving
Pleasure and health,
Increasing his comforts,
His strength and wealth,
And his laughter and mirth;
For it was me
Who furnished the fruit for
The pairing bee.
Thus it was in times past and
Would be still
Had no apples been sent to
The cider-mill.
Now Brown's children are ragged,
His wife is sad,
And the farmer himself has
Gone to the bad;
For drinking his cider
Led on to worse,
And that sent as a blessing,
He made a curse.
And this is the moral: 'Tis
Foolish in man
To try to improve on
The Almighty's plan.
What *he* gives us for *food*
You'll find, I think,
Does harm and no good, if
Made into drink.

EDWARD CARSWEL

A NEW DISGUISE.—The Duke of Norfolk of Foote's time was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. "Go sober!" said Foote.

Old Rye makes a Speech.

I WAS made to be *eaten*
And not to be *drank;*
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a *mill;*
As a blight and a curse
When run through a *still.*

Make me up into *loaves*,
And your children are fed;
But, if into a *drink*,
I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drank, to destroy.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

The Rum Fiend.

THE National Temperance Society has recently published a poem of forty-eight pages, entitled "The Rum Fiend," by William H. Burleigh, which is one of the most thrilling temperance poems ever written, and, for tragic interest and excellence, has no superior dedicated to reform. It is illustrated with three choice wood engravings, designed by Edward Carswell, one of which is herewith presented.

We take the following extract from that part of the poem which represents the devil addressing the rumseller. He says:

"There are hearts to break; there are souls to win
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin;
There are homes to be rendered desolate,
There is trusting love to be changed to hate,
And joy to be dimmed by sadness.
There are hands that murder must render red,
Hopes to be blasted, and blight to be shed
Over the young, and the pure, and fair,
Till their lives are darkened by despair,
Or linked to a cureless madness.

"Hold on your course! You are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup;
And not till that cup is overbrimmed
Shall the light of life for you be dimmed.
The fiends exult in their home below
As you deepen the pangs of human woe,
And sow broadcast through every clime
The seeds whose fruitage is shame and crime

No man has a right to do as he pleases except when he pleases to do right.

"Toasting his heels by a well-filled grate."

Dash it Down.

A YOUTH standing on the brink of a precipice, with a glass of liquor in his hand, deliberating which to throw away—the glass or himself. One hundred thousand go over and perish every year. A mighty army of moderate drinkers fill up the ranks. The first glass is the turning-point. Never take the first glass, and you never will become a drunkard. Drink it, and "behold a vast ocean surrounds you to whelm and sink you for ever." Dash it down! flee from the all-pervading destroyer, and take your stand on the side of total abstinence now and for ever.

There's a battle to be fought,
A victory to be gained;
There's a country to be saved,
A host from sin reclaimed.

There's an enemy abroad,
So subtle and so strong,
That the conflict must be fierce,
The struggle must be long.

We're recruiting for the ranks,
For years and years to come;
That our numbers may not fail
Ere triumph shall be won.

HEM the morning with devotion, and the hours of the day will not unravel with intemperance and other vices.

MORE are drowned in the wine-cup than in the depths of old ocean.

Worse than Poverty.

"WHAT makes you stand there, boy, to eat your porridge," asked a lame street-sweeper of a poor boy, who was eagerly devouring a dish of warm soup as he leaned against a building by the crossing.

"It isn't my cup," answered the boy, as meekly as if Tom Barnet had a right to question him. "I got no cold vittles to take home, but a kind lady warmed me some soup to eat before I went on. I was awful hungry."

"Why didn't you eat your dinner at home, then," asked Tom.

Barbary, who had come out because it was so sunny to watch

Tom, and in the hope of an extra penny from some passer-by, pinched Tom's wrist, and whispered, "Don't."

"What's the matter with you?" growled Tom.

"Of course, if he's out begging for vittles, he isn't likely to have much of a dinner to sit down to at home," whispered Barbary; but not so low that Richard Blake did not hear as well as Tom.

Richard held his large earthen spoon aloft in surprise, hardly knowing whether to cry or run. His great blue eyes took in Fanny's kind expression in a moment more, and he blurted out:

"You're right there, little girl. I hope you have good dinners, and a mother that don't slap you if you go home as poor as you went out."

"I don't beg," said Fanny timidly, looking at her ragged shoe and Tom's broom. "But since father died and mother's sick, we don't always have good dinners, and I'm not a bit sorry if anybody gives me a bit of money. Mother wouldn't scold if they never did, though; and if yours does, I wouldn't—wouldn't—go there!"

"But I have to, or sleep in the street; and, besides, sometimes she's good and kind to me. She would be always, I s'pose, if—"

"You needn't say anything about that," said Tom, with something like a tear in his eye, as he put his hand in his pocket, and then tucked a ten-cent scrip in Richard's ragged coat-pocket.

"You oughtn't to," said Richard, "for you'll want it yourself."

"No matter, boy," replied Tom, "I only wish it was more." And pulling Barbary, he and his sister stepped into a store near by, and waited till Richard had returned his porringer and gone out of sight.

"It was the *scolding* that touched me," said Tom, explaining to Barbary; "and from a *mother*, too. It's bad enough to be lame and poor, but there's things worse, Barbie. I sha'n't lose by it, and we'll be all the kinder to our mother, that's all."

KRUNA.

WHY is the letter T like the first glass of wine? ANS. It is the beginning of Tippling.

WHY is the letter G like Delirium Tremens. ANS. It is the end of Tippling.

Root Out the Poison.

"We had a perfectly splendid day," said Roxy, rushing into the dining-room, with her hat in one hand and a basket in the other. "Not a thing went wrong the whole day, did there, Grace? Swings and croquet, and Hi-spy, and the most elegant dinner. Wasn't it a perfect day, Grace."

Grace, who walked in a little more demurely than Roxy, and with a tired look on her face, made some pleasant reply about "all seeming to have enjoyed the picnic," and Roxy was too busy shaking out napkins and cake-crumbs to notice any evasion.

But Mrs. Marlette saw that to Grace the day had not been "perfectly splendid."

So after Roxy was asleep, and Grace sat down with her head in her mother's lap for "a little talk," Mrs. Marlette said;

"Did anything go wrong to-day, Grace?"

"How quick you always are to notice, mother! Yes; I was dreadfully disappointed because Nettie wasn't there. You know how much she counted on it, and her mother had frosted her cake, and got her such a nice basket ready. It was too bad. I didn't want to go a bit without Nettie; but I knew it would spoil the day for Roxy, so I went and tried to have a good time for her sake."

"But why did not Nettie go?"

"That is it. I'd even rather found her sick, if she wasn't dangerous. But I found her crying in her own room as if her heart would break; and when I heard the loud talking, and the swearing too, mother, that came from her mother's bed-room, I understood it all. It is one of her father's worst times. And I don't see how he can do so. Such a lovely home and such a lady as Mrs. Stowell for his wife; and Nettie—there isn't a sweeter, prettier girl in town than Nettie. Why ever will a man drink when it makes such trouble? It's bad enough for poor miserable men with horrid homes—"

"No matter who once gets under the power of the taste for strong drink, they will yield—educated and talented men, rich men, noble young men, and women too; nothing short of a miracle seems to stop them."

"But why, then, will men sell liquor to such people?"

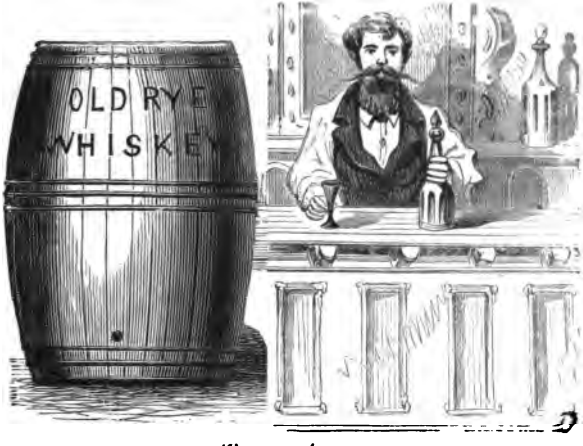
"True enough. If a community only acted in this as in other things, it might be stopped. There was once a very curious plant introduced into the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, in England. It was called the Jatropha, and was probably the most poisonous plant ever brought into England."

"I should not think they would have had such a plant, if it was ever so rare," said Grace.

"Perhaps they did not know how poisonous it was. There is one species of the Jatropha from which our tapioca is made; but this was a different species of the same plant. Once the superintendent of these gardens was bending over this poison-plant, when its fine, bristly stings touched his wrist. He grew numb at

once, his lips became swollen, and it was with great difficulty that his life was saved. But the fact that made me think of this now was that the next that was known this plant was gone from the Gardens. It was secretly but immediately removed. No waiting for royal permission, no delay for any reason—the plant was proved dangerous, and it must be destroyed. When, in spite of "public opinion" (a bugbear that has too long been worshipped), men make and execute laws that shall prevent the sale of this world-wide poison, then and only then will men be safe."

KRUNA.



The Saloon.

It will tarnish your glorious manhood.
And sow the wild seeds of disgrace—
Then why deal with this terrible danger?
Why enter this crime-haunted place?
Much better to pass it, a stranger,
Than God's holy image deface.

Much better to gird on the armor
To fight life's great battle, and win,
Than to lay down your all on the altar
That burns in this temple of sin—
To strike for the right and not falter—
My son, O my son! don't go in.

Battle Call.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH

Ho ! brothers, dash the bottle
  That pleases but to kill,
And on with us to throttle
  The demon of the still—
The monster that is rushing
  Through mingled tears and wrath
All ancient glory crushing
  Along his horrid path.

In cottage and in palace,
  Alike to high and low,
He pours his burning chalice
  With bitter dregs of woe.
He tramples down unsparing
  The fields of golden grain,
Till fleshless famine, staring,
  Affrights his withered train.

Even in the temple stalking
  Right proudly he hath trod,
With impious daring mocking
  The holy name of God.
The altar-stone is gory
  With blood-drops of his slain,
The Christian's cup of glory
  Hath caught the crimson stain.

Then on, and crush for ever
  The fiend of bowl and flask ;
With hearts on fire, we'll never
  Turn backward from the task,
Till rings the loud "hosanna !"
  From all our warriors brave,
As our victorious banner
  Is planted o'er his grave.

Learning to Drink.

(A PICTURE STORY.)

THESE pictures tell their own story.

It is the story of a drunkard's child. This father gave him the bottle and he ran with it to the tavern.

On his return he meets other boys; and, naturally enough, they are curious to taste the contents of the bottle. "What is good

for men is good for boys," so they think. And why shouldn't they think so?

So here are sown the seeds of the evil tree; and the love of RUM fastens itself upon the boy's young life. Thus evil begets evil and new victims fall.

Nellie's Dotty Dimple.

NELLIE had guessed and guessed, but never got near the truth. She was a very persevering little girl, and did not wear her badge for nothing. No matter that her cousin Hugh Bradley argued that it wasn't best for children to sign pledges. It was a fact he said so, and gave for a reason "that they ought not to agree not to do a thing before they were old enough to understand fully all it implied." "I know it implies sin, and misery, and horrid disgrace,"

said Nellie, "and that's enough, and I shall get *all I can* to sign my pledge. I'm awful proud of every name." And she held her little red-covered book open close before Hugh's eyes. Yes, and before long she got Hugh Bradley's name there. He "couldn't get rid of her teasing, and her brown eyes were too much for him," he said. Mr. Bradley was quite delighted when he heard of it; for he knew, although Nellie did not, that not only cider but wine had a particular relish for Hugh. Mr. Bradley was not only delighted but grateful, and he had sent Nellie a present in the basket, which she had been trying to guess. Her father held it aloft, saying, "Guess again," quite triumphantly, until all at once a little faint "mew" fell on Nellie's ear.

"Oh! a kitten! a kitten!" she exclaimed; and the basket was quickly untied, and Nellie's loving hands gently but eagerly lifted "Dotty Dimple" (for she was named before she was fairly out) from the basket. If you had listened that night while Nellie tied a soft blue velvet ribbon on pussy's neck, you might have heard her say, "We know, don't we, Dotty, that it's good for children to sign a pledge?" KRUNA.

"THOUGH I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility,
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly." —*Shakespeare.*

A DRUNKEN fellow got out of his calculations, and was dozing in the street, when the bells aroused him by ringing for fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he. "Well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it."

Two gentlemen were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance. "Did you ever," said one, "see me with more than I could carry?" "No, indeed," was the reply, "but I *have* seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it."

A RUM blossom is one species of rye flower.

John and the King

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

KING GEORGE the Third a servant had,
John Adams was his name;
He was a goodly Scottish lad,
Though quite unknown to fame.

King George a secret cellar kept,
Filled with Madeira wine
So choice, not even the queen might share
This product of the vine.

To John he often gave the key
With orders for Madeira,
Then quaffed the goblet quite alone,
Of which he was so chary.

One Sabbath night, King George went dow-
With John to fetch a bottle;
John Adams' hand he noticed shake,
He scarce could fill the bottle.

He scarce could lock the cellar door;
"Why! John, what is the trouble?"
"To draw your wine *this* day, my lord,
It gives me sorrow double."

"Your Majesty will me excuse—"
"Ah! John, I do respect you;
To bring me wine on Sunday night
I'll ne'er again direct you."

King George the Third he kept his word,
And John he kept his Sunday;
And yet it grieved him still to draw
Wine even on a Monday.

And so at length John left the king
But with the best intention;
And on his honest servant George
Bestowed an ample pension.

"He Blights the Corn before it Reach the Ear."

Of pictures that deface a printed page,
Perhaps the saddest and the darkest shows
An old man staggering to a drunkard's grave,
Not in the frosty winter of his age.
And such is he who enters next, and **knows**

Himself a sneak, a reprobate, a knave.
The moral sense is dead; he does not shrink
From any shift, or trick, or crime for drink.
See the degraded wretch we picture here;
He blights the corn before it reach the ear.
Yet he was once a gentleman, whose name
Was heralded among the heirs of fame.
See him—see many such, whose wretchedness
Will make the Income Tax a penny less,
And swell the boasted "Surplus"—millions gained
For tens of millions lost. Where are they lost,
If of such incubi we count the cost?
Jails, hospitals, mad-houses—they know well;
And poor-houses o'er-crowded—they can tell.
Ask what the judges, doctors, jailers, think
The nation gets, and what it pays, for drink.

—*Trial of Sir Jasper.*

Posers.

"WHAT is champagne?" It is all sham except the pain, and that is real. "What is port wine?" It is a dangerous fluid used by some portly people, and it hastens all who use it to that port to which so many sail with three sheets in the wind.

"Why are men intoxicated said to be corned?" Because corn is made into whiskey, and whiskey is made into wine, and whiskey and wine intoxicate those who use them.

"If, as the reports of the revenue state, only 760,000 gallons of French brandy are imported, how can Americans consume 7,000,000 of gallons of French brandy in this country?"

"How can a chemist make good foreign liquors—in New York cellars—out of fusel-oil, sulphuric acid, tannin, copper, chloroform, and guinea pepper, with Ohio corn whiskey for a basis?"

The Toper's Autumn Soliloquy.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too, 's the same—
Both comes of getting dry;
But here's the difference 'twixt them and me:
I fall more harder and more frequently.

THE day opens pleasantly for this young teacher. Warm greetings and a gift of a few simple flowers from the little ones under her charge testify to their love. May she and all others in like positions realize their responsibility in training young minds, leading them up in the paths of wisdom and sobriety. By all means, let total abstinence be one of the many lessons taught them.

"Like wax ye can mould it in the form ye will,
What ye write on the tablet remains there still;
And an angel's work is not more high
Than aiding in forming one's destiny."

Here is My Hand, My Brother!

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

"HONOR thy father and thy mother"
All the days of thy mortal life,
Love thy sister and thy brother,
And kindle not the fires of strife.
Then thy life shall be sweet and cheery
In the dear land where thou dost live;
In deeds of mercy be not weary,
Gifts are given to the hands that give.

For thy own weal and others labor,
And not alone for fame and pelf;
For he who wisely helps his neighbor
Will find that he has helped himself.
And should thy wayward brother stumble
And fall upon the dusty road,
Though poor, ill clad, ill fed, and humble
Be brave, and dare to lift his load.

Aid him in every true endeavor
To scale the rugged hills of time—
Labor for others is the lever
That lifts the soul to heights sublime.
Heal the poor heart that's almost broken,
Let hope displace distrust and fear,
Let happy words be softly spoken
Like notes of music to the ear.

The skill of man cannot dissever
The three fold cord of kindred ties;
There is a law which lasts for ever,
That links us here and in the skies.
Then let us strive to aid each other
With temperance, offspring of the right;
Let man to man be like a brother,
Let there be light! let there be light!

When my Ship comes Home.

WHEN my good ship comes home from sea,
Full sail, with fair winds, piping free,
What treasures will she bring for me?
Tell me, ye wandering winds that fly
Faster than white-winged ships that flee,
Like clouds through upper deeps of sky!
My ship is a temperance ship, hurrah!

Will she bring spices sweet, and gold,
And costly silks wrapped fold in fold,
And luxuries from nations old?
Tell me, ye stars that light her way,
Through billows upon billows rolled,
In drenching showers of silver spray!
My ship is a temperance ship, hurrah!

Has she a precious freight of stones,
Such as kings wear who sit on thrones,
With glowing crowns and sparkling zones?
Tell me, ye clouds that hover near,
Soft'ning the light of stars and moons,
That lift and lead the waters here!
My ship is a temperance ship, hurrah! G. W. B.

The Rumseller Cursed.

It was thought by a good many that Nelly had lost her reason about that time. She soon found out that Barney, her husband, got rum at our shop; and, sure enough, she brought her four little children, and, standing close to the shop door, she cursed Uncle Zeik, and made them do so too. Whenever she met him in the road, she used to stop short and say over a form she had. She made the children obey her; when he'd gone by, they'd move their lips, though you could not hear a word, and raise up their hands and eyes, just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of Heaven on Uncle Zeik for having made them worse than fatherless, it fairly made my blood run cold. After the death of her husband, she did not use to curse him, but she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing:

He dug a pit as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkard fell;
He dug a pit for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he'll fall himself.

Dr. Tilton said that Nelly was right, and that Uncle Zeik would fall into his own pit before he died.—*Stage Coach.*

Holiday Toys.

Toys at the shop-windows attract the notice of a crowd of holiday folks. The picture reminds us of good old Santa Claus and his subjects. These cheerful and pleasant faces suggest to the thoughtful mind reflections in relation to the condition of children who have no holidays, no home, no gifts, no happy associations. Why? The answer comes to the brain before the lips can utter it; the heart beats out the response to the question quicker than words can speak it—intemperance! Their intemperance? No! the intemperance of their parents. The children of drunken parents

are almost destitute of the necessities of life. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day, would be as sad as all other days to them were it not for that sweet charity which hides a multitude of sins. True temperance is an angel of light and beauty in this vale of tears, and its sheltering wing is outspread to cover the defenceless and suffering, its arms are outreached to lift up the fallen, its loving heart is overflowing with tenderness for those who have no mercy on themselves, and its active brain is continually suggesting plans for the advancement of human happiness.

Temperance Toasts.

Moderate Drinking.—The devil's railroad, with a steep downward grade to the depot of destruction.

The First Glass.—Satan knocks at your door, and you say, Please, sir, walk in.

Legal Suasion and Moral Suasion.—The currycomb and brush—both useful in different ways.

Hard Cider.—Hard every way, but hardest for those who drink it.

Alcohol and Tobacco.—The *pipe* to drink and the *pipe* to smoke make it pretty dear paying the piper.

Extreme Simplicity.

A COUNTRYMAN took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was *ice* in it."

SOME flatter gin, brandy, and rum on their merits,
Grog-punch and what not, that enlivens a feast;
'Tis true that they stir up the *animal* spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast?

The man of the ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water; but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.

The Temperance Sheep.

THE farmer told his boys one morning,
If they all the pledge would keep,
He'd give each one, to help him remember,
Such a likely year-old sheep.
The boys all said, "Oh! yes;"
And John, the farmer, cried,
"Ho, ho! I've temperance sheep in plenty;
Every one shall be supplied."

Well pleased, I ween, was John, the farmer,
Until Jack, a sly young elf,
Said, "Father, now hadn't you better
Take a year-old sheep yourself?"
Down fell the eyes of John, the farmer,
And he kept them down until
He signed the pledge that lay on the table,
As he said, "My boys, I will."

The Rumseller's Wish.

I WISH I were a spider, and that all mankind were flies,
My web I would spread wider than all across the skies.
Ah! the stupid, foolish creatures, they should keep me fat and sleek;
I would stroke my rosy features, as I thus to myself would speak:

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the well-fed spider, hurrah for the foolish flies!
My web shall stretch yet wider, till it reach across the skies!

In the coldest days of winter, when the snow is on the ground,
I invite the flies to enter, my good fire to buzz around;
In the longest days of summer, when the harvest work is done,
I can take in every comer, and drain his purse like fun.

The teetotaler I plunder, for I make him keep my poor;
For he broke my web asunder, and that tax he shall endure.
I should like to catch him tripping, and his nose to the grindstone bend;
For he from my grasp is slipping, and I don't know how 'twill end.

FINAL CHORUS.

We are coming, Mr. Spider, we are coming by-and-by;
So set thy house in order, for the time is drawing nigh.

WHEN intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German wants to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American wants to make a speech.

Stand by Your Colors.

A YOUNG lad once signed the temperance pledge in his Sunday-school. Several of his companions laughed at him for doing so, and resolved that he should break it. He told them they might laugh at him as much as they pleased, but he had made up his mind, and nothing they might say would change it. He had seen enough ruin caused by using liquor, and he meant to have nothing to do with it.

One day, when sent to the village on an errand, they met him

near the tavern, and tried by coaxing to induce him to take a glass of something. He refused, and one of them, whom we will call John, becoming angry, swore that he should. He got a glass of brandy, and tried to pour it down the lad's throat. He resisted, and a scuffle ensued, in which John was thrown heavily to the ground. Nothing daunted, he determined to try again ; but one or two men standing near, admiring the boy's courage, took his part, daring John to lay hands on him again.

This happened some years ago. The lad has now grown up to manhood, but not a drop of liquor has ever passed his lips. Not so with the others. All became more or less intemperate, and John at an early age died with delirium tremens. The one who stood firm to his resolves was with him in his last hours, and declared he never saw such a sad scene in his life. It made more intense, if possible, his hatred of liquor; and, though he keeps a large public resort for summer travellers, will not allow a drop of it within its doors, though often urged to keep it for the accommodation of his customers. He says he will give up his business if he cannot get along without selling liquor. Would there were more like him!

AN Irishman was taken up for vagrancy. It was charged before the court that he was a common vagrant, "without visible means of support." Drawing from one pocket a bottle of brandy, and from another a piece of dry codfish, he held them up, with the triumphant exclamation, "Plase yer honors, *here's* my visible means of support."

A LIQUOR-SELLER, on presenting his bill to the executor of a deceased customer, asked: "Do you wish my bill sworn to?" "No," said the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that he obtained the liquors mentioned in the bill."

"I'LL put a head on you," said the cooper to the whiskey-barrel. "You had better keep away from me, or your head will be of no use to you," said the barrel to the cooper.

"Is your master a temperance man, Sambo?" "No, sah ; he's a member of Congress."

SCRATCH a drunkard with a pin,
You'll find whiskey in the skin.

A Cold Water Remedy.

THE above illustration represents a scene in "The Dumb Traitor," a book recently published by the National Temperance Society, showing the method adopted by a young lad for restoring to reason his half-drunken brother. This book of 336 pages is one of intense interest, and will instil right temperance principles into the minds of young men.

Somebody's Drunk.

Who is it? Look at the picture opposite. It is engraved from an original sketch by Edward Carswell, the distinguished temperance lecturer, expressly for the National Temperance Society.

Somebody's drunk, as you will see if you look sharp enough.

It is not the flowers, *they* drink only water. One drop of alcohol would kill them.

Neither the birds, though they get pretty high sometimes.

It's not the ship, though she staggers a little.

Nor the steamboat—the worst it does is to smoke a pipe.

Then who *is* drunk? Somebody is, and I guess if we look sharp we shall find a man somewhere. He has a bottle in his hand. See if you can find him.

When Rum shall cease to Reign.

(TUNE—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*)

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

GET ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
When this our country shall be free,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
When Alcohol is driven out;
And we'll all feel gay when
Whiskey reigns no more;
And we'll all feel gay when
Whiskey reigns no more.

We're only children now, you know,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But temperance children always grow,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will all be women then,
The boys of course, will all be men,
And we'll all fight rum till rum
Shall be no more;
And we'll all fight rum till rum
Shall be no more.

From Maine to California,
Hurrah! hurrah!
From Delaware to Canada,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The struggle now is going on,
And, when the mighty victory's won,
We'll all feel gay that
Whiskey reigns no more;
We'll all feel gay that
Whiskey reigns no more.

It will not do to simply say,
Hurrah! hurrah!
But do your duty, then you may
Hurrah! hurrah!
Assist the weak, yourself deny,
Stand by the right, and by-and-by
We'll all feel gay that
Whiskey reigns no more;
We'll all feel gay that
Whiskey reigns no more.

WHEN a man expects to rate as a gentleman, he must not expectorate tobacco juice.

The New Year.

We are standing on the threshold ; we are in the opened door—
We are treading on a border land we have never trod before—
Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night ; we are in the early morn—
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed ;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest ; we hope for sixty-fold

From out the tender hearts of children we have taught,
From all the grateful homes where Temperance has wrought
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thrash, and reap, and sow,
Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go—
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto, "For God, and for the Right."

Clear the Way.

THERE is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to flow,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a midnight darkness changing into gray,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play;
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

After Toil comes Rest.

OH! haste, brothers, haste, there's work to be done
While the sun shines brightly o'er us;
Come, and take your part with a willing heart
In the deeds that lie before us;
Singing on, brothers, on, in the race for life,
In the manly toil, in the daily strife.

Rest after his toil, and sweet repose,
No true worker dreams of scorning;
But he likes not the drowsy ways of those
Who will slumber still when each eastern hill
Is aglow with the beams of morning:
Then on, brothers, on, in the race for life,
In the manly toil, in the daily strife.

How to Build.

"DOLLY may sleep in the basket till my house is built," said Lucy, laying on another block with the gravity of a mason.

"You *keep right on so*," said Faith, who admired Lucy's patience, and watched her with delight in her little undertakings.

"That's the *way* to do—to keep right on!" said Lucy thoughtfully.

Yes, in *everything*. "First be sure you're *right*, and then *go* ahead." Lay a good foundation, build squarely, and "keep right on," and you will make a building of which, as the workman, you need "never be ashamed."

Hexy's Pond-Lilies.

MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"LET me have two or three bunches," said Florence. "You know mother is *so* fond of pond-lilies, and they're only five cents a bunch. Besides," added Florence in a whisper, "Hexy's awfully poor."

"Four nice bunches, five in a bunch," said Florence, with a

happy look in Hexy's face; and there was *sunshine* there, too, as Hexy gave the snowy, golden-hearted blossoms into Florence's hand. "I brought the very nicest for you. See the pretty pink stripes on the outside of this one, and such plump buds—pinky too!" said Hexy, quite triumphantly. Then, with a kind word and a promise to take *more* fresh, pinky ones another day, Hexy went on, holding her basket on one arm, and crushing her two bits of scrip tightly in the other hand. She forgot the rain, that came in slanting sheets, and had seemed so cruel and chilling just before--forgot all her troubles in the picture of a cup of hot tea and a nice roll being handed by a good little daughter to a pale, sick mother on a very miserable bed in a room that nothing brightened now but Hexy's love.

And Florence put *her* four bunches of lilies into one pretty china vase, and carried them to her invalid mother, whose weary, feverish cheek rested on the daintiest of pillows, and whose room was filled with every article of beauty and luxury one could devise or wish for. The languid eyes opened, as Florence's quick step entered, and she held the vase before her mother.

"Oh! how fresh and beautiful. Sweet pond-lilies!" And she stroked the pure petals of one she drew from the vase with her thin, white fingers, while tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"The dear old home! Oh! if I could only be there once more. If I could go out in the little boat on our own lake, and snap off the brown-stemmed beauties as I did when a child! Arthur," she said, turning to her husband, "I believe it would be better than medicine." And so the lilies revealed what was needed, and decided the remedy; and Florence and her mother went clear away to Vermont for "home-lilies," but not until Florence had told Hexy's sad home-history to her father in all the minute picture-detail which a child's warm heart and earnest fancy dictate. And that is why Hexy had no more cold refusals when she cried "fresh pond-lilies" anywhere in the village—why her berries were always taken at the best price, and all her earnest efforts to help her mother and bring some joy to a drunkard's home met with success.

WHY is a frog like a temperance man? Because he loves cold water, and always has a *green back.*

Mary Brown.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

EVERY one about the town
Knew the case of Mary Brown,
How she led a wretched life,
Toiling as a drunkard's wife.

Mary Brown had children two,
Little daughters, kind and true—
Grace and Bessie, nine and seven
(One sweet babe had gone to heaven).

When poor Mary Brown was ill,
These dear children, with a will,
Worked with fingers deft and spry,
Oft till evening veiled the sky.

Worked by mother's bedroom-door
On small garments for the store,
That they never, never might
Want for bread or candle-light.

By-and-by a great change came;
Paul Brown nobly signed his name
To the pledge, and kept it too—
Husband, father, once more true.

Mary Brown is happy now,
Joy's sweet sunshine on her brow:
For her darling children may
Go to school, ay, every day.

In a Southwestern town recently, a man fell into a ditch on the outskirts. A pedestrian helped him to his feet; and, after the thing had been accomplished, our hero said: "All right—hic—I'll vote for you." The stranger looked at him doubtfully, and wished to know what for. "Wha' office ye runnin' for?" "I? None at all," was the answer. "Not a candidate?" "No; why?" "Why—hic—why? 'Cause I don't know as any man'd—hic—help 'nother as you did 'thout being a candidate."

A gentleman in the habit of occasionally using intoxicating drinks took up an able temperance address, and sat in his family to peruse it. He read it through without saying a word, when he exclaimed: "This man is a fool." He then read it through again, and, when he had finished it a second time, exclaimed: "That man is a fool, or I am." A third time he read it with still greater care, and, when he had finished the last sentence, exclaimed: "I am a fool," and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterward.

"No fashionable lady ever goes to bed without first looking in her glass," said a tippling editor to a lady friend.

"And no fashionable gentleman ever goes to bed without first drinking out of his," retorted the lady.

Delirium Tremens.

THIS is a disease brought on by drinking liquors. All who drink are liable to it. We trust none of the readers of the TEM-

PERANCE ALMANAC will ever know what it is by actual experience. Alcohol is a brain poison. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The person who has delirium tremens imagines ten thousand imps, adders, serpents, scorpions, etc., all biting and stinging at a time. Language fails to give a faithful picture of this mental madness. It is insanity inspired by rum. It is the protest of nature against the violation of her physical, intellectual, and moral laws. It is the trembling of the mind on the precipice of the deep gulf of darkness and despair. Look at the unhappy victim. His body totters under a weight of woe; his mind is dispoised. Every vein is a viper, every artery an adder, every hair a scorpion, stinging him to madness. Shun the intoxicating cup, and you are safe. There is no safety in the drink.

Delirium tremens burns the brain,
Each artery an adder seems
A viper bites in every vein,
And devils people all his dreams.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A Mocker.

"WINE is a mocker" (Prov. 20: 1). It promises us strength, and it mocks us with weakness; it promises health, and it mocks us with disease; it promises happiness, and it mocks us with misery. Its promises are lies, and its pretences are cheats. The more we use it, the more we think we need it. It deceives us concerning our true condition. It makes us feel well when we are sick, and leaves us sick when we ought to be well. No thoughtful man wishes to *feel* well unless he *is* well. Such deception leads to overaction, and results in ruin. Leave the mocker alone. Beneath the glitter of its fascinating eye there coils and crawls the form of the destroying reptile. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Beware of the mocker!

WHEN a man is unable to tell the time by his watch, because there are two hands, and he does not know "which to believe," it is a tolerably sure sign that he has partaken of more refreshments than nature requires.

What Did It?

I'M sure it was nothing but Daisy and Grace that ever saved their father from a drunkard's grave. He had loved his wife truly and tenderly when she was a bride, and for years after; but he grew to love his wine as well, and then better, and her anxious look and pleading voice only pained him more and more. And

when she saw it, and stopped pleading, her pitiful silence irritated him, and Ruth Grayson gave up in despair.

"A man that won't care for his wife when she's patient and true, and works as I do, is just a hopeless case," she said to herself at last. And who could blame her? But she might, after all, have taken a lesson from her own little seven-year-old Daisy. It did seem as if the darker things grew in the house, the brighter Daisy was. The harsher her father got to be, the pleasanter Daisy was. There was always something left that was "pretty" or a "comfort to have," and the brightest and prettiest things she could get were sure to be in sight when her father was coming home. Grace caught Daisy's spirit without knowing it. "See my booful flowers; make papa a pitcherful!" she exclaimed one evening, with her apron full of daisies and milkweed blossoms from the roadside. A "pitcher" was Daisy's vase, and she smelled the flowers as if they were fragrant pinks, and *made* a "pitcherful," and put it on the table her mother had spread for tea, and which waited their father's return.

"My blossoms and Daisy's bookay!" shouted Grace, as her father took his seat at the table, and looked at the poor daisies and pale milkweed flowers.

Something touched his heart, but he only looked sadder than usual, and sat gazing at the "pitcherful" of flowers.

"Grace thought you liked 'em," said the little girl, half-pouting; "Grace picked 'em for you." And she burst into tears.

I said I thought his children saved this man, fast on a road to disgrace and ruin. Was it shame that he could scorn pure, childish affection? Was it remorse that he had blighted living flowers? From that hour Walter Grayson became a changed man.

KRUNA.

"ITS *nature* suits its *name*," said Dick,
Refusing offered *gin*;
"*You've* sprung the snare, and now would fain
Draw an old comrade in.
"Here, sign this pledge, and take my hand,
With a victorious shout;
Far better than to draw me in
That I should lift you out!"

Wealth and Wine.

ONE dreary winter evening Mr. Bedloe, anxious for his daughter's comfort, sent Raleigh to visit her.

"I am so glad you have come," exclaimed John, as his cousin

entered, bringing a well-filled basket. "Mother and I have been lonely. Hickory-nuts, too. That was a kind thought in you."

"That was grandfather's thought. He said it was a good evening to crack nuts, roast apples, and drink cider; only your mother don't quite approve of cider."

"But *I* do," replied John. "I wholly approve of it. I have drunk it when it was sparkling as champagne."

"That is why I disapprove of it," said Mrs. Warland with a sigh. "O boys! I wish I could make you feel about such things as I do."

"Why, Aunt Jane, do you think there is any danger of our becoming drunkards because we drink cider once in a while?"

"No one is really safe who drinks moderately."

"But I don't see why mother need be so particular about cider," said John. "Grandfather always drinks it, and I don't a bit doubt but what mother used to drink it herself."

"I did; and there was a time when I drank wine and champagne."

"And you didn't get drunk either," was urged in reply.

"Yes, I did," she answered, the words dying out in a wailing sob. "Sit down here, and let me tell you all about it," she added with great effort. "I shall never have courage to tell you, unless I do so to-night. Don't hate me, boys. It was a terrible thing, but I believe God has forgiven me. I began by yielding a little, and drinking because it was fashionable."

"Hate you!" murmured her son, throwing his arms around her. "I couldn't. But it don't seem possible that my mother—"

Here the boy laid his head upon his mother's shoulder, and wept bitterly; while Raleigh turned away to wipe the tears from his eyes.

Nuts were forgotten, and the rosy apples stood untasted, while this woman described with startling minuteness her gradual enslavement by the siren of the wine-cup. There were frequent pauses in the narrative; but at length it was all told. The wind howled, the storm raged, and the fire burned low on the hearth; yet this group within the cottage heeded neither wind, nor storm, nor increasing cold.

WATCH! The enemy is after you. He is lurking unseen along your path. Keep your armor on, for he will strike unawares. Have your shield with you, for you know not when his blow will fall.

Father's Wine.

POPPIE is a lady, with muslin, frills, and laces,
Standing by her father's knee as he sips his wine,
Dainty little maiden waits until at signal
Out the little hand pops, "All of rest is mine."

Many a festive evening comes the little fairy,
Mounts, as 'twere a royal throne, the father's ready knee;

Sips from out the wine-cup, till the child loved it!
Ah! the distant future father could not see.

Passed have many winters, bringing storm and sunshine,
Bringing to the father, ah! what grief untold!
Poppie, little lady—lady now no longer,
Exiled from the proud home—out into the cold.

Sometimes in the evening father hears a whisper—
Solemn, sweet, and tender as a voice divine:
"While the morning lasteth, ere the night-time cometh,
Save the other children from the rosy wine."

QUAINT BUT TRUE.—Sydney Smith, when writing of the wrongs of Ireland, and the foolish cries that many people raised, said: "What trash, to be bawling in the streets about the 'Green Isle,' and the 'Isle of the Ocean,' and the bold anthem of 'Erin-go-bragh.' A far better anthem," said he, "would be 'Erin-go-pantaloons without holes in them.'" If workingmen wish to improve their condition, it is no use shouting 'Down with the Government," or "Down with the Ministers." A far better anthem would be "Down with the beer," "Down with the tobacco," "Down with the pawnshop," for these are the hardest taskmasters.

SAM SLICK says, "Whenever a feller is too lazy to work, he gets a license, sticks his name over the door, calls it a tavern, and nine chances to ten but he makes the whole neighborhood as lazy and worthless as himself."

A TAVERN is a true picture of human infirmity. In history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the account of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.—*Goldsmith.*

AGAINST diseases all, the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue—Abstinence.

A YOUNG lady having read about a man having invented a stove which consumes its own smoke, hopes he will devise a method whereby tobacco-smokers can be run on the same economical principle.

A Gilded Trap.

HERE is a glaring display of cut-glass goblets, tumblers, and decanters. Colors and odors, company and amusements, are blended into tempting baits on the hook with which the devil catches sinners. There are no signs of revolting poverty in the picture. A boy is seated on a box of Vinegar Bitters; a nicely-dressed and handsome young man politely declines an invitation to drink; and the old gentleman leaning on his staff points to him

as a beautiful example of courage and courtesy. The man with a Kossuth hat and full beard seems to be the only person who appreciates the situation of affairs. Behind him is a smoker lighting a cigar, and in front of him sits a stupid-looking person reading a newspaper. This picture illustrates one of the splendid traps which are set in almost every street to catch souls. How dangerous it is to use, even as a medicine, any kind of "cure-all" whose base is alcohol! How much of the intemperance that desolates our hearths and our hearts is due to the cordials and syrups and tinctures and "invigorators" that crowd the apothecary's shelf! Vast multitudes of men, in whose systems the seeds of drunkenness were sown in early life, owe their intemperance to improper medication. They are easily persuaded to step into the gilded saloons, where gaslight and song and story are attractions added to the alcoholic beverages. Let the reader beware of these gateways to the chambers of death. The song is the voice of the siren that lures to destruction; the light is the glare of the pit of perdition; the smoke is the smoke of torment.

Puzzle.

My *whole* is alluring,
But comes not to bless;
Curtail me, and find
The road to success.
Curtail me again,
And find, without hire,
Not that which you have,
But half your desire.
Curtail me once more,
What remains will then show
The end of all law
And beginning of woe.

Ans. { Wine.
Win.
Wi (wi–sh).
W.

The Women's Crusade.

THE women of our land have commenced a movement to banish King Alcohol to the abode of darkness, where he belongs.

Prayer, Faith, and personal effort have been their watchwords. The many aching, pleading hearts which have suffered innumerable woes, misery, poverty, disease, and endless trouble all over our land, have taken the matter into their own hands, and the Lord has abundantly blessed their labors. Thousands of saloons have been closed, and hundreds of thousands have signed the pledge through their efforts. And now the call comes anew to every woman in America to do what she can to help clear the monster from the land. Do not wait for anybody else to start, but commence at once, and "God speed the right."

"Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your sisters have girded their armor,
And forth to the battle have gone.

"You know there are lonely hearts breaking
In homes that are shadowed with gloom—
From which the red hand of the tempter
Has stolen all brightness and bloom.

"You know there are perishing fathers,
And brothers, and husbands to save
From the fiend that is luring them downward
To fill the inebriate's grave.

"Withhold not your prayers and your labors
The chains of the captive to break:
Obey the commands of your Master—
And *work for humanity's sake.*"

A MISSISSIPPI pilot saw the comet the other night, and immediately cried out: "I've got 'em—snakes! I've had 'em before, but now the stars have got tails on 'em I'm a dead man."

A RED-NOSED gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

The Robin.

" CHEER up," the pretty robin sings,
Perched on a leafless bough ;
And then he flaps his little wings,
And dances on the snow.
" Cheer up," he sings, and looks around
For any little crumbs ;
And when he finds none on the ground,
He to my window comes.

I CHALLENGE any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet, for the sake of gain, continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

ASK any man if he wants inflamed eyes, sore throat, racking head, burning veins, and diseased stomach, and he will think you mad. And yet hundreds will pay all their money for them.

Do you See my Lamb?

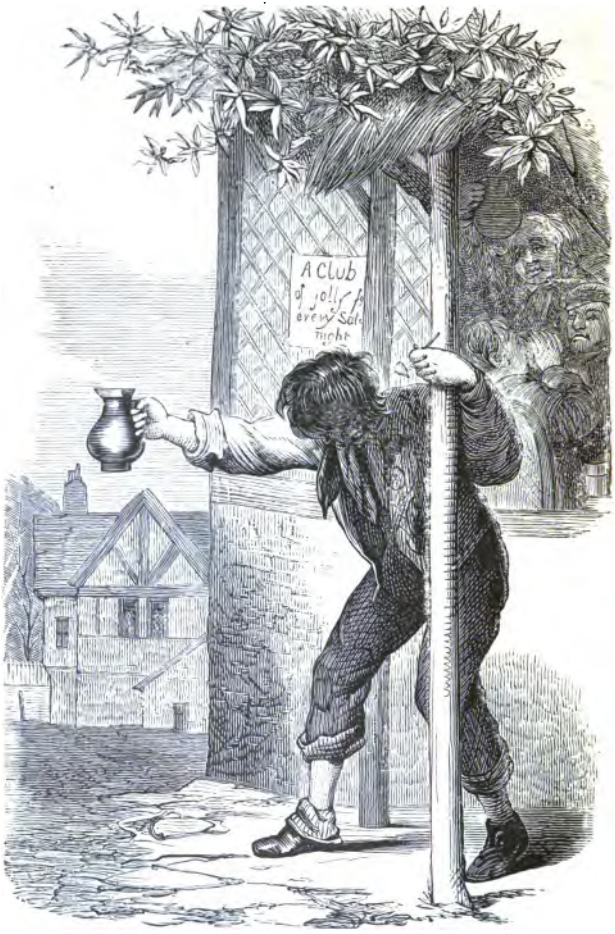
Do you see my lamb? My pa gave it to me on my birthday, and said if I was good I could be Jesus' little lamb. Did you ever see my pa? It's funny if you haven't—most everybody knows him, and *I* think he's the nicest pa I ever knew. He likes me better than any other little girl, and that's why he gave me this lamb. It don't cost anything to eat, it never runs away, and its clothes are the cheapest I ever did see. It wears only a thick wool coat, and I wish I could have one, so I could run and jump and not be afraid of tearing. If you won't tell anybody, I'll tell you I *do* like to run and climb trees and have nice times; but ma says I mustn't —it's too rough and like boys' play. Then pa always speaks up and says, "Do let the child have her fun. What if she does tear her clothes? We can get her more from the money I save by not chewing, smoking, or drinking." There! now I've told you ***why*** he is so nice.

Signal Lights.

DID you ever think, my dear children, that we have signal lights on life's pathway, and are we as careful to notice them as the drivers of the locomotives? Now, we have the great white light. Here it is; it always means all right. No one was ever deceived by it. It has been a lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway for thousands. It is the same light which led Pilgrim to the Celestial City. Do not be ashamed to be seen carrying it; do not leave it in your trunk where your good mother put it. Many a boy *has;* and while it lay there, hid and forgotten, he has been tempted from the right road by the green light. Do not be tempted by the green baize of the billiard table or by the glass of cider and cigar; let your comrades sneer if they will. You switch off whenever you see this signal, for it surely leads to danger, which is, as on the railroad, a red light. Here it is. You will see this at nearly every street corner. Pass not under it. Stop! Whistle "down brakes."

But you say thousands have passed this light into the saloon, and many are still sober men. So might the train run by the red signal and come to no harm; but would you like to be on such a train? Your chance would be ten to one a wreck. So it is with the saloon; some may escape, but how many glorious souls have been wrecked! Then we have another light: it is blue. It says Hope; it shines from the light-house Temperance. This light-house has many life-boats, and these boats go out after those who have been led astray by the green and red lights, and they bring thousands back to safety every year.

E. CARSWELL.



Not Fit for a Beverage.

BEER is the milk on which the babes of moderation are fed until they are developed into drunkards. It is used as a beverage, not because of the nutriment it contains, but because there is

alcohol in it. The argument of facts and statistics which can be well authenticated shows that the use of beer and ale and porter leads directly to the most loathsome intemperance. When the tea is weak, housewives say that the cook has drowned the miller. The alcohol in beer is not drowned—not modified even; it is the same devil under a soft name; but the consumer has to drink a good deal of slops in order to catch him and feel his influence. There is more nutriment in a pound of bread than there is in a puncheon of beer. Let the chemist analyze the pot of beer before the drinker tastes it, and take the spirit from it. The drinker would then turn up his flexible nose at the insipid stuff which he calls liquid nourishment. Beer-drinking is dangerous because it opens the way to shameless drunkenness. It is a thief which steals a man's brains with the false pretence that it will impart physical strength; that it is food; that it repairs the damage done to the body by hard work, fatigue, and exposure.

He Followed His Nose.

He followed his nose
Wherever it led;
Like a torch it glows
In flashes of red.
Thus led by his nose,
He went to the bar,
Where an odor arose,
Which he smelt afar.

An *igneous* light,
And fatuous, too,
Like a lamp at night
Was his nose aglow.
It led him astray,
As we plainly see;
For he wandered away
Where no man is free.

MORAL.

Don't follow your nose
Whenever it glows;
For nobody knows
Where the victim goes.—G. W. Bungay.

IN nearly every State in America the Government has licensed the sale of intoxicating drinks, under the sanction of the license system, for which the people who elect these rulers are directly responsible. The dram-shop has always thrived vigorously, and crime, taxation, pauperism, and murder increased in rapid proportion. When the women plead with the rumseller to stop his murderous traffic, he points to his license which the Government has given, and bids her go to those who have legalized his business. We denounce the entire license system as wrong in morals and ruinous to Government and people. Always and everywhere it has been a curse to the community and a shield to vice.

If it is right to sell, then no license should be required; if wrong, then no license should be granted. A license fee paid cannot shield the rumseller from the full responsibility of his work. A man will die just as soon from drinking rum in a licensed shop as from an unlicensed one. The rumseller will find his license of no avail at the bar of God. He cannot take it with him. If he could, it would not be recognized by the Judge upon the throne. "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity, for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping" (Ps. vi. 8). The blood of 60,000 yearly victims cries from the ground to the throne of God. The wails of countless worse than orphan children ascend to heaven for protection. The prayers of hundreds of thousands of heart-broken wives and earnest women have gone up to the God who hateth all iniquity and abomination; and in his own good time, the last enemy shall be subdued, and the legalized traffic in intoxicating liquor everywhere and forever be destroyed. Let every one help bring about the happy day

The Verdict.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

THIRSTY, I walked beside a brook
That had been pearly clear,
When, lo! a yellow floating scum—
The brook was running beer!

I hasted to a crystal spring,
And held its chain-bound tin
To catch my wonted cooling draught—
The cup was filled with gin!

The spring is crazed, the brook is mad
But here's a river handy;
The river, in its rocky bed,
Swept on bankful of brandy!

Ah! but I know a living well;
Quickly to that I'll come.
I came, and let the bucket down.
And drew it full of rum!

The pitcher-plants, that held their cups
For birds and flies and bees,
Were full of wine, and dizzy birds
Were dropping from the trees!

The cows grew dizzy by the brook,
And tumbled in the stream;
The floating fishes on its top
Shone with a sickening gleam!

A gathering rain upon my face
Swept down in sudden dashes;
How strange it looked! I held my hand—
'Twas wet with whiskey splashes!

I threw me down upon the bank,
Wild with a new despair;
Death, death was written on the stream,
And death in all the air.
O God! I cried, why shouldst thou blast
What erst has been so fair?

Look thou to man, and charge not God,
Who sent each rippling brook
Clear as a diamond from his hand,
Till man his gift forsook—

Man who has tried at each pure stream
To put the poison in;
Now let him *have* it his own way—
All brandy, whiskey, gin!

I shuddered, shrieked with mortal fear,
That woke me from my dream,
Then cooled my thirst with water clear
From out the old bright stream,

And *looked* to *man*, and charged not God—
Man throws the poison round!
And in the end, *for each one dead*,
Man shall be "*guilty*" found

The Insulted Goose—A Puzzle Picture.

JONES had been drinking—as usual. His good wife wanted him to sign the pledge and go to bed; but he talked about liberty, moderation. He wasn't drunk—sober as a judge; would go to bed, but would not sign the pledge. Never—no, never! Well, he *went* to bed with his hat on, after carefully putting his boots in the wash-basin. But he had hardly fallen asleep when he was frightened nearly out of his wits by an awful dream. He thought he had gone to the corner grocery for a bottle of whiskey, and was trying to get home, but had to sit down by a stump. Then he saw his wife, who had suddenly become old and ugly, rushing towards him with a club in her hand, and screaming, "I'll give it to you, you drunken old goose." Then he thought a big gander flew out of the lake, and ran toward Mrs. Jones, screaming that he would not allow such an insult to be offered to his beautiful lady-geese. Then Jones sprang out of bed in a fright, and astonished his good wife (who was still sewing in the kitchen) by rushing into her presence with a pillow in one hand and the bootjack in the other. He had grabbed the pillow in his sleep, thinking it was the gander, and the bootjack his bottle. It was now *Mrs.* Jones's turn to be frightened, but the sight was so very comical that it overcame her fear. Just think of Mr. Jones in his night-dress with his best black hat jammed down over his eyes, and a large pillow in one hand and a bootjack in the other. Mrs. Jones *had* to laugh then. Mr. Jones saw that it was only a dream, and looked rather sheepish, and tried to make Mrs. Jones believe that he was only exercising with dumb-bells. But he said there was a string tied around his head—would Mrs. Jones please *un*tie it? But when he found that it was only the rim of his best Sunday hat, he had to own up that he must have been drunk, and thought he'd sign the pledge. Now, if you look at the picture carefully, you will see just what Jones saw in his dream. Of course it is not very plain, because, you know, it was only a dream.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

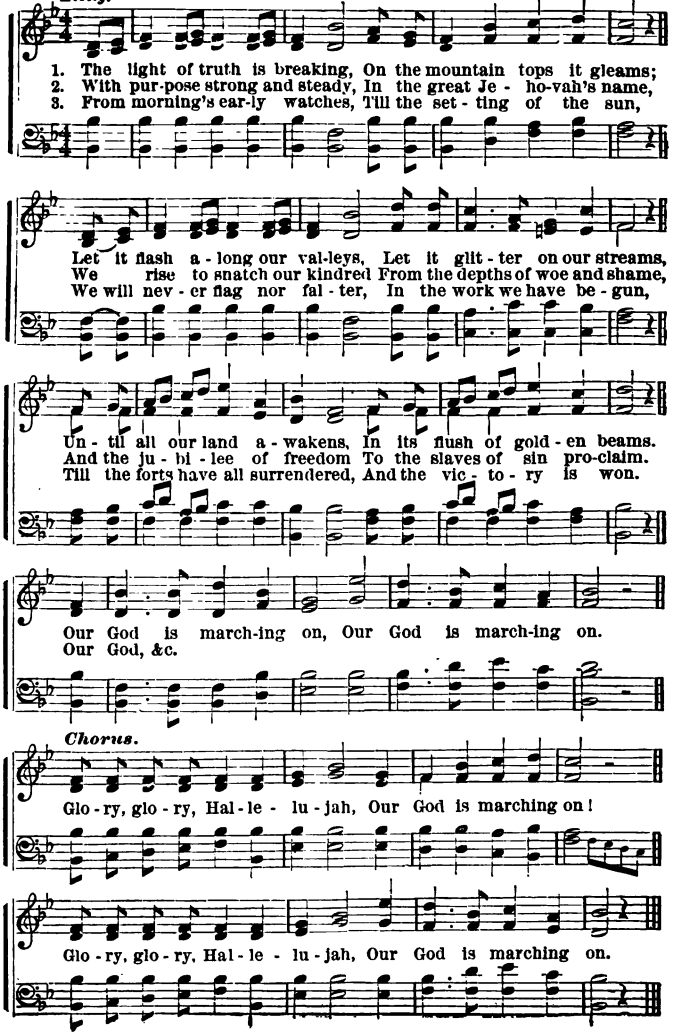
AN Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him: "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about bein' very wet, but, plaze yer honor, I'm very dry."

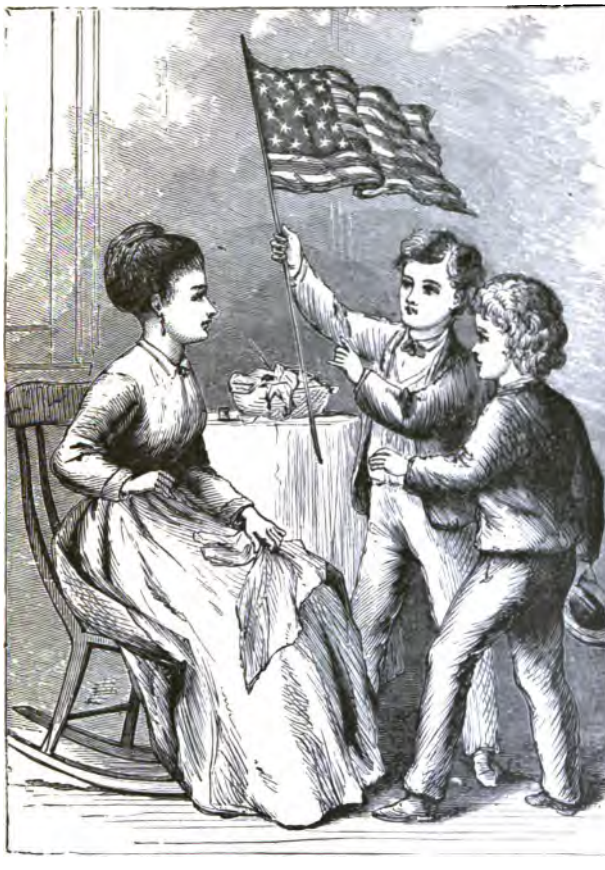
From Tidal Wave, by per. of Biglow & Main.

CRUSADER'S BATTLE HYMN.

W. H. DOANE.

Lively.





The Banner and the Stars.

WAKE the welkin with hurrahs
For the banner filled with stars
And stripes of red,
And stainless white and blue—
The flag of freemen true,
Where martyrs bled.

These are centennial days,
Let every hilltop blaze
With beacon fires,
And clang with ecstasy
The bells of liberty
In all our spires.

Let all the wide, round world
Behold our flag unfurled,
For here "the cause"
Of Temperance had birth.
O favored spot of earth!
Let nations pause

And ponder at our gates:
In these United States
The thought first came
From man's inventive brain
The strict pledge to abstain
From liquid flame.

Temperance must ever be
The aid of liberty—
Handmaid divine:
Without her help, alas!
Freedom becomes a farce,
Men turn to swine.

May these centennial years,
Unstained with bitter tears,
Extend our fame;
And may our banner be
The true flag of the free,
Undimmed with shame.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The Moderate Drinker.

A SO-CALLED moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in totally abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond self-control. "To make plain the question who is wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month, not touching a drop during the time?" Said the other: "To satisfy your mind, sir, I will, with pleasure, though I know myself; I will do as you ask to cure overwrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he: "I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now I was almost beyond hope, and, had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and by God's help I will keep it for life." Moderate drinker, just try it for one year, and see how near you are to the rapids, beyond which there is no returning.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD youngster saw a drunken fellow "tacking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed: "I wouldn't have done it!"

Centennial Puzzle Picture.

The Shade of Washington Viewing His Tomb.

BEHOLD the shade of Washington !
The honored shadow no one fears,
As he stands mutely gazing on
The relic of a hundred years.

The Buried Flask.

BY KRUNA.

In a bank of earth by the river's side
I was digging away, when lo! I spied
Something glisten and sparkle below,
As it clinked at the touch of my busy hoe.

"Ha! ha!" cried a voice, "have you freed me at last?
I'm glad if my dungeon life is past:
To be 'corked up for ever' against one's will
Would be cruel enough, but harder still
To be buried alive for a year and a day,
The butt of a joke for boys at play.

"And yet I must laugh, as I often have,
From the very depths of my sandy grave,
When I think of the ploughman, who came to find
The friend he had hidden yon rock behind.

I was calmly waiting the old man's will
As he worked away at the top of the hill,
When some boys, who had watched the old man's way,
And had seen him stagger from day to-day
Because I had stolen his wits away,
Came up and seized me with ruthless hand
And buried me deep in the yellow sand;
I heard them laugh from a tree in the lane
When the old man came and groped in vain
Under the bushes behind the rock,
Where I had been left with his old blue frock.
Ha, ha! how he looked, as he peered about,
And turned each pocket inside out,
Then said, in a dazed and wondering way,
'On earth, who dared to take it away?'

'A laugh from the lane met the old man's ear,
And an echo came from the hillside here,
And I heard him say, as he walked away,
'The spirits, I'm certain, have robbed me to-day.'

"Then a voice in reply the old man heard,
But he never knew who spoke the word,
'They've robbed you to-day, and they've robbed you before,
We pray they may never rob you more.'"

Wrecks.

SOME persons say they do not believe in *retribution* in this life. Certainly many things which occur within our own knowledge *look* very much like it. We need not keep our eyes open in order to spring in judgment upon others in time of some trouble or misfortune, but it is wise to watch the ways of Providence in his dealings with men, and learn what lessons we may for our own good and that of those about us.

You may all have heard the true story of the pirates of Inchcape Rock. This was a dangerous rock in the ocean, where for

the safety of vessels a large bell had been hung, which in times of darkness and storm was rung to warn them of the danger. Some pirates, who hoped to gain plunder from wrecked vessels, came one night and sunk this bell in the sea. Now, thought they, we will watch for the next ship that strikes Inchcape Rock. But the next vessel that struck was their own! Out in a dark night they found the need of a warning-bell, and, because they had silenced its friendly notes, they had no warning of their danger until they were shivered and sinking in the furious sea.

To us the idea of a wreck is so fearful that it is difficult to imagine any one so utterly hardened as to rejoice in the sight of a vessel in distress, much more to believe they would fail to lend a helping hand, or try to destroy lives already in mortal peril. But if we read some of the old English laws, we find certain punishments there laid down for "persons guilty of plundering or *destroying* ships in distress"; and at one time these laws were declared to be "not severe enough to repress these barbarous practices," and more strict laws were made for the protection of ships in distress. That may have been *long* ago, but to-day may we not see something very much like it?

A block or two away, or a dozen houses from me, to-day, a man lies dead. A neighbor said, "Did you know Mr. ——?"

"No."

"Well, he died this morning."

"What was the matter?"

"Oh! he had been drinking, as he often does, and now it was delirium tremens. He sold liquor, too, but on the sly."

"Had he sold it long?"

"Yes, more or less ever since he opened his store; and then he began to drink a little himself, and the more he sold the more he drank, and this is the end of it. He had a good-hearted wife. She often said, 'I *wish* he would not sell.' And now she and a large flock of little ones are left with very little, if anything, when his debts are paid."

He took the warning-bell from others, and struck upon the fatal rock himself, I thought. How *many* go down in *such* wrecks, who can tell till that time when not only the sea shall give up its dead, but men shall be brought to an account for their share in shipwrecks worse than a raging ocean has ever witnessed?

Flowers for a Grave.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

JESSIE was very happy with the little basket of wild blue-bells and white yarrow. Bell and Frances tried to *look* so; but they were older than the sweet, baby-hearted Jessie, and knew better where the flowers were going than *she* did, and what an aching, desolate heart it was that was going to carry them to a new-made grave.

The children had been to gather flowers for the mother to take to the grave-yard, where their father only lately had been carried. It was a dark day to all but Jessie then. She had been away through the short but terrible sickness, and she did not know what bitter pangs of remorse had tortured the dying father as he looked upon his heart-broken wife and sweet-faced children for the last time, and exclaimed, "But for that one thing I would

have lived and *been* a father and a husband. I have thrown away my life for a moment's pleasure, mingled with hours of anguish!"

The flowers were scattered by the hand of love over the drunkard's grave at twilight, and the lonely wife came back to take up life's burdens with a heavy pain at her heart. May she find comfort in the loving prattle of the innocent Jessie and the ever ready helping hands of her sisters, who know better than she what comfort their mother needs!

To the Rescue.

"Up for the conflict! let your battle-peal
Ring in the air, as rings the clash of steel
When, rank to rank, contending armies meet,
Trampling the dead beneath their bloody feet.
Up! you are bidden to a nobler strife—
Not to *destroy*, but *rescue* human life;
No added drop in misery's cup to press,
But minister relief to wretchedness;
To give the long-lost father to his boy;
To cause the widow's heart to sing for joy;
Bid plenty laugh where hungry famine scowls,
And pour the sunlight o'er the tempest's howls;
Bring to the soul that to despair is given
A new-found joy, a holy hope of heaven!"

The Effects of Drunkenness.

Drunkenness expels reason, drowns the memory, distempers the body, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's companion, the wife's woe, and the children's sorrow. It makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a beast, for no animal will designedly intoxicate itself. By the effects of liquor his evil passions and tempers are freed from restraint; and, while in a state of intoxication, he commits actions which when sober he would have shuddered only to have thought of. All the crimes on the earth do not destroy so many of the RACE, nor alienate so much PROPERTY, as DRUNKENNESS.

Little by Little.

WHEN the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow ;
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain.

Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come and the old years go.
Low on the ground an acorn lies;
Little by little it mounts to the skies;
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing-birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.
Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won:
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away;
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

"MAY God speed the time when our workers
Their mission shall *truly* fulfil,
When they *dare* while cutting the branches
To dig at the root with a will.

"And *all*, on the 'True Temperance Platform,'
United, with hearts firm and brave,
Shall march to the music of Progress,
To conquer, to bless, and to save."

Acrostic.

ALCOHOL.

A KING, I rule with iron reign,
Lay many a foe among the slain,
Control my vassals as I please
On solid land or rolling seas;
Hold all their gains at my command,
Of mind or body, house or land;
Let all my subjects understand.

KRUNA.

Drinking and Gambling.

THE unhappy victim of intemperance, who stands at the bar pressing his hand to his fevered head, was a moderate drinker half a dozen years ago. He was "proud to say that he could drink and that he could let it alone." He did drink, but he did not let it alone. His habit bred an appetite, his appetite became a passion, and the tyrant passion made him a degraded slave. He sacrificed his good name—he lost caste in society—he squandered

his means—and he did not scruple to appropriate to his own use the property of others, to obtain the money he needed to pay for the poison he bought at the bar. During a discussion with a chum of the same cloth, their angry argument, inspired by the evil spirit of rum, led to a free fight. They had been playing cards, and each accused the other of cheating. In the melée tables were upturned, chairs broken, and the cards were scattered upon the floor. An unlucky blow from a chair struck the prostrate man on the temple and killed him—adding to the crime of intemperance the sin of murder. The drunken gambler stakes his soul, and Satan is the winner.

S the "drinking of a health"
Such a very dangerous thing?
Ah! beneath the tempting wine
Hides a serpent coiled to spring!

In a simple, social glass
Tell me where the harm can be?
Still the viper lurks within,
There his deadly fangs I see!

In the pure and crystal stream
Whose bright waters never fail,
I shall find the safest drink—
There's no sting in "Adam's ale"!

KRUNA.

INTOXICATING liquors as a beverage are not only needless, but injurious to body and soul. They impair the health, they foster dangerous habits, they kindle vitiated appetites, they blast human happiness, they blacken the calendar of vice and crime, they shorten life, and they blot out the hope of heaven.

The Best Crutch.

BILL BANNESTER was addicted to drinking, and was thrown upon a sick-bed by his continued violations of the laws of health. He promised over and over again that he would reform and turn over a new leaf. Notwithstanding all his twinges of conscience, his hopes and promises, soon as he was able to hobble off on his crutches he started for his old haunt, the bar-room, and called for his favorite drink. Being sick, and weak, and lame, he fell, in-

124964B

juring his head and spine, and making himself a cripple for life. He afterwards signed the pledge, and it proved a stronger crutch than the one he broke when he fell. He stood up straight under it—and long as he lived he kept the pledge inviolate. How severe is the punishment which some bring upon themselves, simply because they will not be directed by common sense and conscience. Rum cripples its votaries and deprives them not only of their understanding, but of their power to stand also. The clatter of this poor man's crutches rebuked drunkenness and pleaded for abstinence.

Moderate Drinker to old Toper. Tom, why is your nose like the word cider spelt backwards?

Toper. Dunno! Why?

Moderate D. Because it's red-i-c (red I see).

Toper. Yes, I see. And, pray, why is yours like the new TEMPERANCE ALMANAC?

Moderate D. Can't see any resemblance.

Toper. Well, it's because it will be by-and-by.

Moderate D. Will be what?

Toper. Red! (read) all through, and a strong protest against the use of intoxicating drinks, and may be illustrated with cuts.

Moderate D. Tom, let's quit!

Toper. Here is my hand.

An Acrostic.

DRINK IS THE

DESTROYER of the constitution. (Prov. xxiii. 29–32.)
Robber of the pocket. (Prov. xxiii. 21.)
Unerring pathway to a premature grave. (Nahum i. 10.)
Never-failing producer of misery. (Isaiah xxiv. 7–12.)
Kindler of strife. (James iv. 1.)
Assassinator of the human race. (Prov. vii. 25–27.)
Reproach of the character. (1 Cor. v. 11.)
Destroyer of the soul. (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.)

IF nature had designed that man should be a consumer of intoxicating drinks, would they not have been provided for him in the place of water?

Snowball.

THE only comfort Rose Stanley had (except, to be sure, a kind and patient mother) was Snowball, her dear white cat. She had had her ever since she was a tiny, mewing kitten, with her eyes shut; and many a bit of blue ribbon she would have liked for her own brown braids she had tied from pure love around Snowball's neck.

Once she had cut off two of the little bells from a pair of knitted worsted reins her Aunt Frances had given her, and sewed

them on Snowball's ribbon. It's most too sad to tell why she took them off again. Not because Snowball didn't like the music she made, tripping round after Rose, nor because it wasn't sweet to her own ear, for it was. But her drunken father "couldn't bear cats," and, above all, one so noisy as bells made Snowball. Once, in a passion, he came near killing her outright. Then Rose caught up Snowball, and ran off alone. She took off the bells and began to whisper in Snowball's ear. If Rose's father had heard what she said to Snowball, I don't know what he would have thought. Perhaps he would have been very angry. Perhaps he might have wept. I'd just as lief tell him as not. She said: "Dear, darling Snowball, I'm *so* glad I've got *you!* It's dreadful, Snowie, to have a father that scolds you and makes you cry. I wish every drop of brandy was in the ocean! Then you might wear your bells, and all of us live in peace. But, 'it'll never!' as Tom says, I'm sure. The world is *full of barrels full* of whiskey, and gin, and rum, and *everything!* But I'm glad I've got *you.*" And her tears fell on Snowball's blue ribbon, as she hid her face in pussy's soft fur, and cried.

Poor Rose! *I'm* glad she has Snowball, too.

A Fool's Excuse.

He who drinks when he's hot
To keep himself cool,
Adds the vice of the sot
To the deed of a fool!
He who drinks when he's cool
To keep himself hot,
Adds the deed of a fool
To the vice of a sot. G. W. Bungay.

Drunkenness is a crime against man and a sin against God. He who dies a drunkard commits suicide deliberately, and violates the command, "Thou shalt not kill." There are no woes in the Bible more bitter than those which are pronounced against drunkenness. It is a sin which leads its victim to the altar of blood, where he voluntarily surrenders his reason, his life, his hope, and his soul.

A New Currency.

"COME, now, can't you give it to me for *that*? You've got a girl as will like it, as well as *you* like silver."

The blood rushed to Mr. Graspall's cheek. He took the prettily-dressed doll, with its soft curly hair and big blue eyes, into his hand, and pretended to make fun of it—looking at it through a quizzing-glass, and then asking, with an attempt to be witty:

"How do you think a doll would look in my till? Pretty change, indeed! The doll currency is new to me."

"For your little girl—for your girl—the one with the black eyes as I've seen come in for candy. The doll's new, and worth a dozen glasses. You may have it for one."

"Have you a little girl you bought this for, Clarkson?" asked the man who held the double office of pawnbroker and rumseller.

"I've got a little girl about the size of your'n, but I didn't *buy* her the doll. It's one her aunt gave her Christmas, and her mother dressed it o' nights for her. I s'pose there'll be a time when she misses it, but what business has beggars with dolls?"

"I can't take it, Clarkson," said the man. His heart was touched in some tender spot, which the doll had suddenly revealed. He thought of his own pleasant nursery, and the scores of toys his only child threw about heedlessly; and a bare, dreary room, with a pinched and heart-hungry child in it, rose before him in contrast—her eyes swollen with weeping for the loss of her one great treasure—a new doll. No, he couldn't take it. And he couldn't *give* the glass of brandy without it.

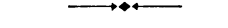
"Go home, Clarkson, and take your little girl's doll," he said; "she'll miss it sadly."

"Give me a glass, won't you?" pleaded the miserable man.

"Take home the doll!" exclaimed the rumseller, angry with himself for his weakness; "and you'd be better off, a thousand times, John, if you'd never touch another drop of liquor as long as you live."

"A pretty lesson from you!" thundered the angry man. "But, man, I'll take it!" And he reached for the doll, and walked hastily from the store.

Susy Clarkson never knew how near she came to losing her "dear, darling Flossy," nor why her father signed the temperance pledge, and made "a new home" for them all; but Mr. Graspall knew, and declared that "a weak spot in his heart had cost him a thousand dollars!"



LAGER BEER—more significantly spelled bier—is composed of about ninety parts in a hundred of unfiltered and filthy water, six parts of poisonous alcohol, and four parts of the spoiled juice of hops and barley, a compound at which the swine would turn up their noses.

Something for Everybody.

"FATHER, what have you there so interesting?" said Mrs. Merrill, coming up to where her husband, with Nellie, John, and Mary, were intently looking over something.

"Only THE TEMPERANCE ALMANAC for the coming year, dear. I got a couple on my way home, and it is the cheapest investment that I ever knew. Why, here are facts and figures enough to

startle a multitude, and ammunition sufficient to supply a lecturer for a whole year or more."

"Yes, and there's something special for little girls like me, papa!" cried Nellie. "Look at this dear little girl with a white pussy in her arms. Oh! ain't it cunning? and lots of other pictures, too."

"Yes, I guess we will each find something. Here are jokes and conundrums for John and Mary, while mother will always find something to laugh over, as she picks it up each morning to see how the weather is to be, and what time the sun sets. It is a family almanac in every sense of the word, and as long as it is published I mean to have a copy."

Unjust Gain.

Prov. xxviii. 8.

"By unjust gain!"—"By unjust gain!"
It was the rumseller's refrain
When called to leave his vast domain—
"*By unjust gain!*"

I felt no pity for the poor,
I drove them harshly from my door
While taking from their little store
My "unjust gain."

My goods an Unseen Hand will deal
To him who for the weak can feel,
Nor from his pittance meanly steal
By "unjust gain!"

Now, as I go to meet the fate
Of those who hope to reach heaven's gate,
I'm haunted by the words—'Too late"
And "*Unjust gain!*"

KRUNA.

A TOPING bookseller presented a check at a banking-house in London, and when the cashier put the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied: "Cold, without sugar."

'PORTER always makes me fat," said a tippler. "I have seen the time when it made you *lean*," said a wag.

The Head of the Family.

It was well for the homestead that Mrs. Thornwell was a woman of character. Everything about her establishment went on in order. Thrift and prosperity were seen in-doors and out, in spite of a drunken husband. Mr. Thornwell was a "gentleman," but none the better for that. He would have scorned the name of "drunkard," and caned any man who would have hinted such a thing. But he did not feel ashamed of being ill very often, two or three days at a time; lying on the lounge in his chamber, and

waited on by a silent woman; caring not a rush how anything else went on, provided he had his sleep out, and plenty of good, strong coffee brought to him when he was ready to wake up, and put on a gentleman's hat and coat.

Not long ago I heard a public speaker say "the man was the *head* of the house"—that it was even wrong to class his wife *with* him and say "the *united head* of the family"! I could not help thinking of Mrs. Thornwell, sitting in her room, overlooking, with womanly dignity, servants in-doors and out, and waiting, without complaint, on the "sole head" of the family, stupid from brandy, and rousing to order coffee! Mrs. Thornwell never aspired to be the "head of the family." She did not even *think*, much less *talk*, of woman's rights. She never dreamed of voting. She did as hundreds of women do to-day—took the *place* of the head; thought, planned, executed for the family, and kept the credit of "headship" as far out of sight as her own grief. The pity is, in such a case, to see terms wasted. The *question* is, "How to save *the head?*"

KRUNA.

An Old Rhyme.

YE men of sops and little drops,
Ye moderation muddlers;
Ye are the seed that raise the breed
Of regular drunken fuddlers.

Ye all cry up a little sup,
And think you're mighty sure all;
You prate away, but still I say,
ABSTAIN 's the only cure-all.

Strike the Root.

A TOPER, wineful, sick, and sad,
A sensible physician had,
With whom he plead, "Do, Doctor, please,
Just strike the root of my disease!"

"*It is the only way, I know!*"
The Doctor said, and fetched a blow
Shivering his *bottles* into bits,
And waking up the toper's wits!

KRUNA.

This boy takes THE BANNER.

What does this boy take?

THERE are two paths in life, in one or the other of which all the boys in the land are travelling: one leads to happiness, sobriety, and joy for ever, and the other to wretchedness, misery, and woe. The boy who starts right, obeys his parents, heeds the instructions of the Bible, trusts in God, and reads good books and papers, will be found in the right path; while the other boy, who disobeys his parents, uses wine and tobacco, and something stronger after awhile, is fast passing over the other and dangerous road.

The boy who reads THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER, follows its advice, and never takes wine, gin, brandy, or anything that intoxicates, will never be found in the path of the drunkard.

Which way are you going, my brother?
Which way? Which way?
Are you treading life's path, or the other
That leadeth astray?
There's a path that will lead you to glory
Straightway, straightway.
'Tis revealed in the Gospel's sweet story,
Oh! seek it to-day.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The Difference.

THE fruit of the vine was made by God, and it is always good ;
The intoxicating wine is made by man, and it is bad.
The fruit of the vine is perfect and nutritious ;
The intoxicating wine is imperfect, and very innutritious.
The fruit of the vine is the wine of God ;
The intoxicating wine is the wine of man.
The fruit of the vine has always been a blessing ;
The intoxicating wine has been, is, and will be a fearful curse.
The fruit of the vine is convertible into blood, flesh, and bones ;
The intoxicating wine is convertible into neither.
The fruit of the vine is cheap and safe ;
The intoxicating wine is dear and dangerous.
The fruit of the vine is the wine which wisdom has mingled ;
The intoxicating wine is a man-made mixture.
The fruit of the vine is proved by analysis to be good ;
The intoxicating wine by the same means is proved to be not good.
The fruit of the vine never kills ;
The intoxicating wine does.
The fruit of the vine never creates thirst ;
The intoxicating wine does.
The fruit of the vine contains not one drop of alcohol ;
The intoxicating wine is very alcoholic.
The fruit of the vine is a blessing ;
The intoxicating wine is a mocker.
The fruit of the vine has never injured any church ;
The intoxicating wine has injured many.
The fruit of the vine is the emblem of the Saviour's shed blood ;
The intoxicating wine bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder.
The fruit of the vine has a history of peace, and joy, and gladness ;
The intoxicating wine has a history of woe, and death, and madness.

REV. ALBERT BARNES, in his "Commentary," says: "The wine of Judea was the pure juice of the grape, without any mixture of alcohol, and commonly weak and harmless. It was the common drink of the people, and did not tend to produce intoxication."

Charley's Trials.

POOR CHARLEY had a hard time on shipboard. He wanted to do right and lead a Christian life, but everything seemed to be against him.

If he took out his Bible, Dick was sure to espy it, and begin

some of his small persecutions—maybe it was only a handful of peas that came rattling down his back, inside the collar of his loose jacket. Perhaps a lump of "duff," the sailors' pudding, or a bit

of salt junk, hit him plump between the eyes. One night the sailors were determined he should drink and break his pledge.

"Come, take your grog like a man, Charley, as you used to," said one. "It's going to be a wet night, and you'll need it."

"I find I am better without it, wet nights or dry."

"Ho, ho, that's some of your land temperance notions. Needn't tell an old salt, that's followed the sea for thirty years, that his grog is no good to him."

"He's getting rabid on temperance and Bible-reading," said Dick. "It's quite upset his head. I move we cool him off." And in a twinkling, a cold, wet towel was wrapped roughly about his head.

"Now, don't flare up, Charley," exhorted another; "you know it is your duty to take it meekly. Maybe it will help you some to fancy you are a martyr among a company of inquisitors."

THERE is not a drop of alcohol in any perfectly healthy human body—not a vein, artery, gland, or tissue that needs it—the whole system revolts at its touch. Alcohol is the product of fermentation, and fermentation is the putrefaction which follows death.

THERE is no substance in alcohol which can repair the damage done to the body. It cannot supply the waste of blood, or bone, or nerve, or muscle; hence it is preposterous to call it food. On the other hand, it kindles inflammation, weakens vital action, hinders digestion, and exhausts the forces of life.

GRIEF banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain,
Which sorrow hath never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me—
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,
Than sinful because we are sad.

FRITZ SMALL, who drinks with knights and lords
To steal a share of notoriety,
Will tell you in important words
He mixes in the best society.

The Sober Test.

WHEN is a man drunk? Doctors disagree. Some say that a man may be called drunk when he is sprawling in the gutter, others when he has more than he can carry, others when he can't go straight or talk plain, while others say that one glass makes him part drunk and the remainder finishes him. Without attempting to solve the difficulty, we commend the following "Sober Test" to all our readers. Read three times quickly without stammering, pronouncing every syllable plainly and distinctly; and when this is accomplished you may be pronounced decidedly "sober":

"Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly *pears*, from three prickly prangly pear-trees: if, then, Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear-trees, where *are* the three pecks of prickly pears that Peter Prickle Prandle picked from the three prickly prangly pear-trees? Success to the successful prickly prangly pear-picker."

IN the State of Maine there are only two breweries and one distillery. Before the temperance law reform there were seven distilleries in Portland. There are hundreds of towns in which there are no dramshops. Those who sell rum do it on the sly, and at the risk of fines and imprisonment.

IN Noble County, Ohio, the friends of temperance have sealed up the dramshops and swept away the rum traffic. The county has a population of 20,000, yet not a single felony has been committed there for more than a year. "To let" might be written upon their court-house.

A Parable.

A CERTAIN man going up from youth to manhood fell among grog-shops, where he was stripped of his money, his character, and his friends, and left poor and half dead with disease.

And by chance there came down a moderate drinker that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a friend of temperance came where he was, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

But a Temperance man as he journeyed came to where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and wept over him, and besought him with tears to repent and reform. And he persuaded him to sit upon his own beast, Total Abstinence, and brought him to his family, and they took care of him. And in the morning he spoke kindly to him, and offered up prayers for him, and departed.

Which of these was neighbor to him that fell among the grog-shops?

A Traveller's Testimony.

I HAVE acted on the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My opinion is that the most severe labors or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulants.—DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WHY shiver and shake by the fire?
Or why be afraid of the cold?
Come out and get warm on the ice!
Unless you're too young or too old.

Do not let the anthracite tempt,
And don't let the bottle entice;
But if you'd be healthy and warm,
Come out and get both on the ice!

EDWARD CARSWELL.

Justice vs. Law.

We take the following extract from an old poem by Wm. H. Burleigh, Esq., giving an account of a visit of "His Satanic Majesty" to Boston:

He went till he came to and made a call
At a drunkery near by Quincy Hall.
Smith, having no aqua fortis handy,
Poured h'm out something as killing—his brandy—
Which Hornie tossed off, with a gratified grin
At the crowd passing out and the crowd passing in;
And he thought, as Smith managed his business so well,
He'd return to his own more respectable hell.

I offered once, said the father of sin,
The round world and the kingdoms therein
For one single Soul; but souls have come
Down to the price of a pint of rum.
Men are eager to sell, and my trusty cousin
Buys up for me at a gallon a dozen.
No trust, no discount, he deals on the nail,
And throws in his own to make up the tale.

Nick only tarried for Smith's report,
Then took his way to the police court:
Two subjects he saw for the workhouse and jailer,
This culprit a drunkard, and that a retailer.
Astonished was Satan at what he saw;
Sharp was his honor—precise the law:
Twenty dollars and costs, the rich prisoner got,
Six months at hard labor, his victim the sot.

Said Satan, the hair bristling under his hat,
There's nothing in hell so unrighteous as that:
The makers of laws like these, I declare,
Shall find there's no partiality there.
And if this be the justice of earth, 'tis clear
A decent devil should blush to be here.
So he turned on his heel, and his cudgel he broke
O'er the rails of the court-bar, and vanished in smoke.

The Saloon.

WHAT place does Satan like the best?
Where does he sit, and smile, and rest,
And plant the greatest social pest?
At the saloon.

Where does "Old Nick" erect his throne
Of kegs and bottles, blood and bone,
And rule in power all his own?
At the saloon.

What makes the drunkards howl and hoot,
And curse and swear, and fight and shoot,
And play the demon and the brute?
The saloon.

Where do we find the meanest hole,
Where men in foul pollution roll,
And kill the body and the soul?
At the saloon.

Where do we find the liquid fire,
Where hope and joy and life expire,
Where bloody, hellish deeds transpire?
At the saloon.

Stand firm, ye friends of truth and right;
Take God's armor, march and fight;
The victory gain, through moral might,
O'er the saloon.

S. SUTTON.

A True Friend.

WHEN Norman Brill made a promise, he was sure to fulfil it at any cost, and this his friend John Pugh fully understood when Norman promised to stand by him, and, as far as possible, stand between him and temptation; for this same John was battling with a tremendous foe—a fierce appetite for strong drink. He thought he could not overcome it, but was induced by Norman's prayers and appeals, as well as promises of help, to make the effort.

The following incident will show how nobly Norman kept his promise: One day John was sorely tempted by his employer to take a social glass of wine with him and a friend, which he at first declined to do; but the fumes of the wine overcame his resolution, and he would have drained the glass had not Norman suddenly entered the room, and, seeing his friend's peril, dashed the glass and its contents to the floor, at the same time exclaiming: "Thank God I came in just now! Oh! how could you, John? I have heard such good reports of you."

"And true ones, Norman."

"Yet you drink this?"

"You came in time to keep me from it." And the dejected man walked from the room, and Norman soon followed him, after explaining to the astonished friends the cause of his hasty act.

Many there are now in John's condition, at times hoping against hope, and struggling for the mastery. To these there is a mighty help promised and strength given to resist temptation. Entire abstinence is necessary. The grace of God—who can estimate its power?

Address to a Jug of Rum.

HERE, only by a cork controlled
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death, repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,
The first for fighting nothing loth;
The passion which no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, growing red;
The bloated eye, the broken head;
The tree that bears a deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;
Assault that innocence assails;
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent:
The midnight hour in riot spent—
All these within the jug appear,
And Jack the hangman in the rear.

WHAT river should a tippler shun? *Ans.* Brandywine.

Behead a vegetable, and leave a liquor. *Ans.* Kale—Ale.

Behead an animal, and leave a drink which makes man resemble it. *Ans.* Swine—Wine.

Curtail a liquor, and leave something often put upon it. *Ans.* Brandy—Brand.

The Bondage of Drink.

You think I love it? If this nerveless hand
  Could gain immortal strength, this very hour
I'd sweep the hellish traffic from the land,
  And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
Yea, now, with all my latest, dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death.

Love it? I loath it! Yet I drink and drink,
  And hate my bondage with a loathy hate,
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
  The pledge? No, no! Too late—too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath!
Too late! There's no release for me but death.

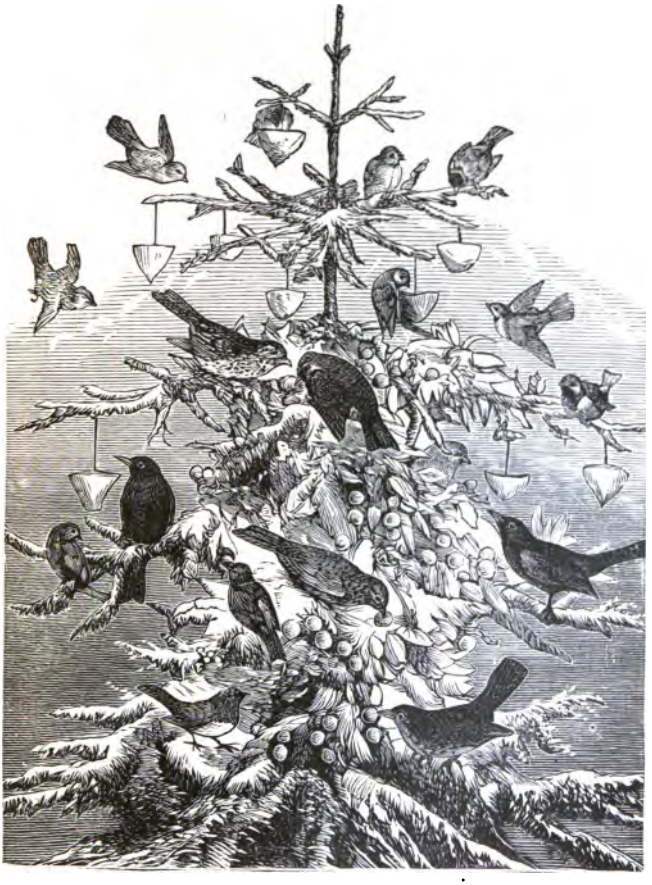
It's bad enough to drink; but *not* to drink
  Doth such a train of ghastly horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
  Ah! keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake!
The very thought of them affects my brain;
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high,
  And breathe God's air a free and fearless man,
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
  With steady nerve to do and head to plan.
I'd love to grapple trials as they come
In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum?

If only I could come into some land
  Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned
  That clutch the soul of him who would be free.
But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe
To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah! if I might have known how it would be,
  In those old college days, so wild and gay,
When first I drank in youthful revelry!
  How easy then to put the cup away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again!

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, where ye belong!
  I'll drink ye down. What, blood? Drink blood?
Help! help! They come, a hideous, devilish throng.
  Back! get ye back! They'll toss me in the flood!
Long, crooked hands are crawling in my hair!
Is this the end? Ha, ha! too late for prayer!



The Birds' Christmas Tree.

In Norway and Sweden, the last sheaf from the harvest is never threshed, but is carefully reserved till Christmas Eve, when it is brought out and fastened to a pole, and then set up in front of

the dwelling or on top of the roof, as a feast for the hungry little birds.

A little friend of ours, on hearing of this custom, induced her mother to imitate it by placing a small Christmas tree in the yard, on which she hung some bright berries and a few apples, and also little cups filled with water and seed. To her delight, the birds soon came flocking towards it, and, alighting upon its branches, seemed to enjoy the feast greatly. These little feathered creatures are model examples to us, for they are very temperate in their habits, retiring to rest early in the evening and flying from their nests or off their perches early in the morning, and are always cheerful and happy.

"And oh! the birds who fill the air
With happy songs and plumage fair,
Hark to their matchless melody!
The birds pure water drinkers be.

"When God such boundless bounty showers
On clouds and hills, and woods and flowers,
And little birds—why should not we,
His children, water drinkers be?"

Madeline's Choice.

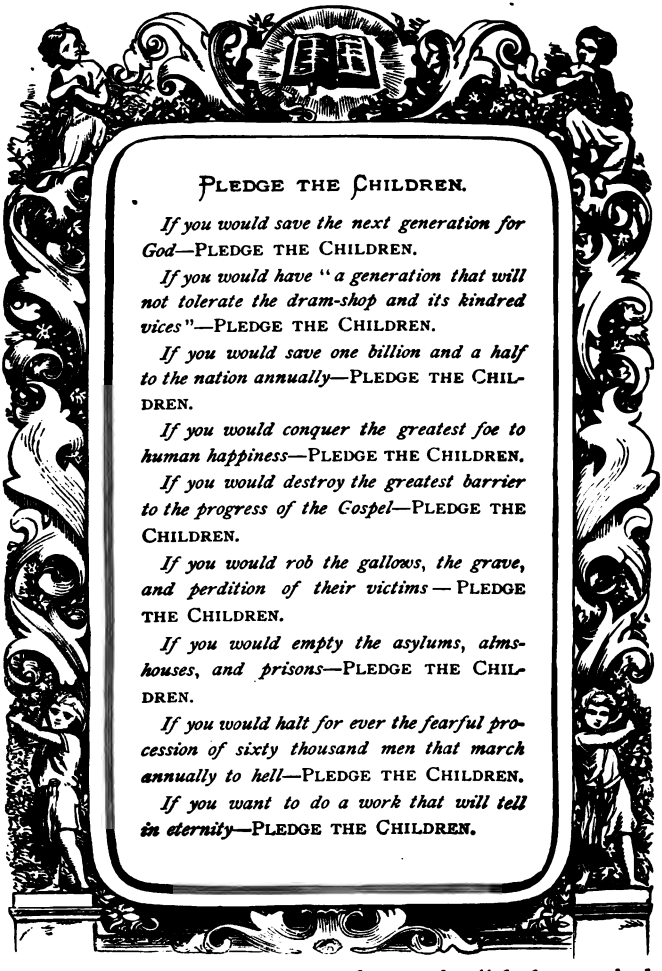
BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MADELINE is all alone,
And her cheek has rosier grown,
Like a fair bud blossoming,
Since she heard a well-known ring.
Busy Cupid, ever near,
Telegraphs to her quick ear
That a dear one waits below,
And the heart proclaims it so.

Hark! another hasty ring;
Cupid, ever on the wing,
Doubtful lets the message go;
Two young suitors wait below.
One is dark, and one is fair;
One has light, one ebon hair.
What for this cares Madeline,
Who but sees the soul within?

One is modest, one is bold;
One is poor, and one has gold;
One holds reputation dear,
One has led a wild career—
On his young and comely face
Dissipation you may trace;
Victim of a lavish purse,
Gold to him has been a curse.

Madeline, with instinct true,
Chooses well between the two—
Giving up the prospect there
Of a mansion, grand and fair,
With a drunkard as her mate,
For a happier, humbler fate.
Be your pathway ever green,
Gentle, thoughtful Madeline!



PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would save the next generation for God—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would have "a generation that will not tolerate the dram-shop and its kindred vices"—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would save one billion and a half to the nation annually—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would conquer the greatest foe to human happiness—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would destroy the greatest barrier to the progress of the Gospel—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would rob the gallows, the grave, and perdition of their victims—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would empty the asylums, almshouses, and prisons—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you would halt for ever the fearful procession of sixty thousand men that march annually to hell—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

If you want to do a work that will tell in eternity—PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

AN old Scythian philosopher used to say that "the best method of teaching a youth sobriety is to set before his eyes a drunken man." Another of his remarks was: "The vine bears *three sorts* of fruit—the first, pleasure; the second, intoxication; the third, remorse."

Dolly's Party.

"SUCH a baby!" all said who saw little Dolly Dingle for the first time, and as for her father, he declared she was the "trimmest-rigged little craft that ever set out on the voyage of life." But as this was his first baby, we will excuse his partiality. She had to be exhibited to every caller, and, asleep or awake, was

taken out of the cradle, and admired and petted to such an extent that an ordinary baby would have been quite spoiled.

At a grand dinner-party given in her honor, when all the friends and neighbors were invited to share the "tidbits" and rare old wines provided for the occasion—for temperance was not thought of in those days—her father brought her out, and, holding her up to the view of all, declared they must drink her health, which they were very willing to do; though, when a spoonful of the punch was given to Dolly, she sputtered vigorously, and blew it all on her father's beard.

"The baby has the best of it," said an old lady present. "For my part, I don't see what one wants better than a good cup of tea. I don't think we like liquor naturally. We only learn by coaxing it down with all sorts of sweets and flavoring. Why not leave it alone in the first place, and then we'll never know the need of it?"

Others opposed such a view, while one asserted that liquor was "very necessary to keep out cold and drive off fever," that it was "very strengthening when one had hard work to do or felt unhappy."

We see from this that the community were totally ignorant of temperance principles. Temperance books and papers, or lectures, had never been heard of. Whiskey was thought to be a promoter of wit, sociality, longevity, and happiness, and was a fundamental article in each man's creed, even in the face of such facts that its use had caused one man to fall from the mast-head and break his neck, and others to lose their wages—that drunkenness occasioned the loss of several vessels yearly, and brought poverty to a number of families in their midst. But then the wrong does not trouble itself to reason. It boldly asserts. However, as we said before, this was in times long gone by. To-day we know better, and advocate a better doctrine. If not, the books of the National Temperance Society will soon enlighten any one who will read—and may they have a wide circulation. ZILLAH.

SMOKING AGREEABLE.—While riding in a stage-coach from Kinderhook to Albany, New York, many years since, John Van Buren, who was smoking, asked a stranger in the stage if smoking was agreeable to him. The stranger answered: "Yes, it is agreeable. Smoke away. I have often thought if ever I was rich enough I would hire some loafer to smoke in my face." Mr. Van Buren threw his cigar out of the window.

COME, sons of Columbia, while proudly and high
Every bosom with freedom and glory is swelling,
While our flag floats proudly beneath the blue sky,
And tyranny's death-song is heard in each dwelling;
Come, the bright chalice drain, and again and again
Let our pledge and our toast, in a far-sounding strain,
Be water, pure water, bright, sparkling with glee,
That flows, like our life's blood, unfettered and free.

To arms! to arms! without delay,
Unto the rescue haste;
On, brothers, whilst it's called to-day,
Nor time nor talents waste.

On to the fight, the glorious fight
Against the poisonous drink;
On in the great Jehovah's might,
Nor from the conflict shrink.

Second Declaration of Independence.

WHEN a long train of usurpations and abuses, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce mankind under an absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

There is an enemy among us, fellow-citizens, the history of whose reign is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over mankind. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to submit to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, *staggering* armies, *with* the consent of our Legislatures.

He has subjected many of us to a jurisdiction foreign to our *constitutions*, and unacknowledged by the law of nature or of God.

He has deprived our citizens, in many cases, of trial by *sober* juries.

He has transported many of our citizens beyond the bounds of reason into the seas of dissipation and ruin.

He has imposed taxes on us for the support of pauperism and crimes of his own engendering.

He has established and sustained depots for the manufacture and sale of the most destructive instruments, to complete the works of death, desolation, and perfidy unparalleled in the most barbarous ages, and utterly insufferable among a civilized people.

He has, in some instances, stimulated our citizens to fight against their dearest friends and brethren, and become the executioners of their own wives and children.

He has occasioned more than three-fourths of the pauperism, three-fourths of the crime, and more than one-half of the insanity in the community, and thereby filled our prisons, our alms-houses and lunatic asylums, and erected the gibbet before our eyes.

He has influenced our elections by bribery and corruption.

He has destroyed the lives of tens of thousands of our citizens annually in the most merciless manner.

He has turned aside hundreds of thousands more of our free and independent citizens to idleness and vice, infused into them the spirit of demons, and degraded them below the level of brutes.

He has made thousands of widows and orphans, and destroyed the fondest hopes and blasted the brightest prospects.

He has introduced among us hereditary diseases, both physical and mental, thereby tending to deteriorate the human race.

He has converted many of our public-houses, where quietness, neatness, and good order should be found, into the most boisterous and filthy dens of dissipation.

He encourages men to spend their time and money at public-houses, while their families are starving at home.

He converts annually many millions of bushels of grain, the staff of life, into mortal poison, while thousands of our citizens and their children are suffering for want of bread.

He has entered our courts of justice and our legislative halls, and disturbed their councils, and even the sanctuaries of our religion and the ministers at the altar have not altogether escaped his prevailing and blighting influence.

He has encouraged Sabbath-breaking, profanity, impurity, thieving, house-burning, robbery, gambling, slander, and fighting, and has ruined the morals of every community over which he has obtained an influence.

He has brought all our free institutions, the perpetuity of our Government, and our civil and religious liberty itself, into imminent danger.

He has dishonored God, in whose image and for whose glory man was created, by sinking his image beneath the level of the irrational brutes.

He has arrayed himself against all patriotic, humane, and benevolent efforts.

We will now call the world to witness if we have been wanting in *attention and forbearance* to the traitor, while he has been extending his unwarrantable jurisdiction over us.

Has not our Government afforded him the most liberal protection?

Has he not sailed *under our flag* on every ocean and in every sea?

And we now declare it as our belief that the history of the human race affords no parallel example of slavery and degradation inflicted on a willing and unsuspecting people; that no tyrant ever subjected so many human beings to such *unmitigated grievances, to such* MIGHTY *woes.* Millions of victims have fallen by his oppressions—millions more are enthralled. Year after year, and age after age, have passed away, but the cry of remonstrance, though often raised, has seldom been heard or heeded. The malignant tyrant, steady to his purpose, has rioted in the carnage, and with infernal exultation mocked at the groans of the dying, and sported with widows' sighs and orphans' tears. Every domestic and social bond has been disregarded. The peace and respectability of families have been destroyed. Promising and beloved sons have been torn from their parents, husbands from their wives and families; and the *tender mother even* from the helpless and dependent offspring—no tie in nature

too tender to be sundered, no chord too strong to be broken by this unfeeling tyrant.

And we now ask the suffrages of the whole world if a domination of such unmingled oppression and tyranny should be submitted to any longer by an enlightened, a generous, and otherwise free people.

We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which declares our separation from ALCOHOL, and hold him hereafter an implacable enemy in *war*, and—*no friend in peace.*

We, therefore, the representatives of the views of all true temperance men in the United States of America and throughout the world, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the earth for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of all true temperance men, solemnly publish and declare that the whole human race *ought* of right to be free and independent of, and absolved from, all allegiance to *Alcohol*, and that all connection, of whatever kind, between them and him, ought to be *totally* dissolved; and that, while they have *no right*, as rational and accountable beings, to contract alliances, establish commerce, or conclude a peace with him, they have full power to wage against him (with moral weapons) a war of extermination; and to do all other acts and things which may lawfully be done to annihilate his dominion from under the whole heaven. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection and guidance of divine Providence, we, temperance men, mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our *sacred* HONOR.

What Nobody should do.

Answer: Swallow intoxicating drink.

Mr. Mackenzie's Answer.

WHEN Marvie Anderson first saw Mr. Mackenzie, she thought "What a saintly man!" But this occurred at a prayer-meeting, where he always made it a point to speak with much seeming humility, and prayed with great fervor and devotion. A three weeks' visit at his house, and enjoyment of the gayeties constantly going on, made her wonder if the Mr. Mackenzie there and at prayer-meeting were one and the same person.

She had her own ideas of what a Christian life should be, and

earnestly wished to be a professor of the religion of which he and all his family made profession; but at the end of the visit she was more in the dark than ever.

A scene which occurred one morning in the library—a business transaction between him and a poor widow, of which she and his daughter Delia were witnesses—made her doubt his sincerity still more; yet he thought he set a good example, and meant to be a shining light in the church as well as society. He was terribly inconsistent—held to his own opinions in face of all opposition, scorned all fanaticism, and had no patience with "reformers." He advocated the use of wine, and practised it too, quoting the Bible to sustain his views; said it was a "good gift of God," and despised any one who was such a "fool" or weak enough to be overcome by it. Faye Huntington further describes him, and gives some admirable arguments in favor of total abstinence, in a book just published by the National Temperance Society, called "Mr. Mackenzie's Answer." What his "answer" was his life will best show, and we suggest a careful perusal.

Grief Banished by Wine.

BY SIR W. A'BECKETT.

GRIEF banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow hath never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad;
Better sad, because we are sinful, be,
Than sinful because we are sad.

A GOOD point against moderate drinkers was made by a little girl at Saratoga. Replying to a question why she refused the wine when it was passed round that "she didn't like it," her interlocutor rejoined that she should take a little for her stomach's sake. "I ain't dot no tommick's ache," was the emphatic and indignant answer.

E.C.
P.S.BROSS.

Searching for the Bottle—A Shadow Picture.

JONES and Smith have been on a regular spree. They have lain out in the woods all night. Jones, when he awoke and found where he was, determined to drink no more, and, to put temptation out of the way, he threw the bottle into the lake. But Smith, who has just awakened, wants a drink very bad; he is dry, and, instead of quenching his thirst (like a sensible man) with water from the beautiful lake, he is trying to find the whiskey-bottle (on his hands and knees); he thinks he sees it now, but it is only a shadow. Jones has to laugh, and even the trees can hardly keep their jaws straight. Of course you see all this in the picture; if not, look until you do.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

The Fruits of License.

AN aged mother in her fierce despair
Scatters the tresses of her silver hair;
Frantic rebels against the biting rod,
And spurns the comfort of the man of God.
Would you what caused the desolation know,
That wearies echo with its frenzied woe?
'Tis not that yonder gibbet rears on high
Its black, grim outline sharp against the sky;
'Tis not that on that plank her first-born stands,
His brother's blood scarce dry upon his hands.
The cause lies further—where that crime was bred,
In a shop licensed for the public good;
Where murder, arson, theft, are brought to pass
With hell-broth vended at ten cents a glass.
And thus her hands the childless widow wrings,
And thus the fratricidal felon swings,
While the accessory before the fact
Goes free in goods and character intact.

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

Behead what a drunkard does, and leave what his sense does afterwards. *Ans.* Booze—Coze.

Behead a place of resort for tipplers, and leave what the person is who frequents it. *Ans.* Saloon—A loon.

"INTELLIGENT and consistent temperance" has been defined to mean "to take nothing between drinks."

The Best Drink.

Oh! water when I'm thirsty you must ever give to me,
And water when you're thirsty I would ever give to thee;
For water from a flowing fount will make the weary whole,
And I could not a richer gift present a thirsty soul.
A drink to keep the reason bright, and make the feeble strong
And cause the springs of life to flow like melody in song;
A drink to keep a man on earth in wisdom and in love,
A bright evangel pointing here to a higher life above.
Oh! we should be a happier race, and wiser far would be,
If from the blighting curse of drink this world of ours was free!
Could man, then, to his brother give a drink to hurt the brain,
And look without a burning blush into his face again?
Then work and struggle onward through the darkness to the dawn;
The days of youth are coming, we can see the early morn.
Hurrah! hurrah! for water, pure, simple, cold, and good;
Hurrah! for such a bounteous gift to earth's great brotherhood.

The Year.

JANUARY.

COLD winds, and ice, and chilling snows,
Yet cheerful is the heaven above us,
When wine taints not the blood that flows
Through hearts we love and hearts that love us.

FEBRUARY.

Now sifted through the freezing air,
The pure white flakes whiten the city.
Oh! pity the poor victims where
The fell destroyer has no pity.

MARCH.

The wind wails like a maniac wild,
And shakes the cot from sill to rafter,
Pinching with cold the drunkard's child,
And mocking her soft tears with laughter.

APRIL.

Now changing days of sun and rain
Dissolve the shrinking snow that lingers.
Oh! kindle temperance hopes again,
Sweet buds that bloom, and feathered singers.

MAY.

The fragrant woods and fields are green,
And dandelions deck the meadows,
And butter*cups* of golden sheen—
The *cups* undimmed by ghastly shadows.

JUNE.

June is the darling of the year,
Full of sweet sounds and sweeter roses;
So let us pledge in water clear
The truthful lesson it discloses.

JULY.

This is the month of bobolinks,
And meadows full of fragrant clover
And happy he who nothing drinks
That tumbles men and morals over.

AUGUST.

O days of heat and scorching skies!
Ripening the corn for daily rations.
How welcome is the cloud that flies
To fill the cups of thirsting nations!

SEPTEMBER.

The mellow fruit hangs on the vine,
And Plenty smiles at all our portals.
Oh! save us from the serpent wine,
Which in our gardens tempts poor mortals.

OCTOBER.

The woodlands wear the rainbow's hue—
The colored flag of fair October;
And nothing, save the sky, is blue;
And everything, save man, is sober.

NOVEMBER.

The forest leaves are falling fast,
For this is cold and drear November.
O man! stand like the woodland mast,
Your vow of abstinence remember.

DECEMBER.

The hills and vales are robed in snow,
And Nature now seems calmly sleeping,
Throughout the year this truth we know,
Her PLEDGE is safe within her keeping.

G. W. B

The Welcome Visitor.

THE arrival of the postman in some of our backwoods settlements is even now an important event in the history

of the week. Our country embraces a continent, and there are points which have never been penetrated by a railroad nor touched by the telegraph.

A rural scene like that which is presented in this picture reminds us of the wonderful progress of our people, for our minds are sure to look through the telescope of imagination at the cable which rests on the floor of the ocean—a fiery artery throbbing with lightning between the Old World and the New, and at the railroad which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a path paved with iron for the march of man across a continent. May our young and vigorous nation never ignore the virtues of temperance: then her progress in morals will keep pace with her progress in art, in science, in literature, in commercial and political prosperity. Without temperance we cannot have permanent success in anything. The old weather-beaten letter-carrier has been instrumental in touching the sympathies of the young recipients of the message. Perhaps it contains good tidings from some absent brother, who has carried his sober habits with him to the noisy town. It may contain a remittance—the honest savings of industry and economy. What others spend for liquor and tobacco he may have saved, and in that way ensured a double blessing—donor and recipients sharing the benefaction.

THERE is no harm in a glass of whisky, provided it is allowed to remain in the glass.

MISTAKEN WIT.—Some mistake the motherwort of their vinegar-barrel for the mother-wit of nature.

BURKE said, "When bad men conspire, good men should associate."

A NATION that could vote steadily under fire can vote down the rum fire. Let us have *votes*.

DRINKING dethrones humanity and discrowns manhood

Out of the Fire.

"Out of the fires of shame and sin,
God is able to garner in
A glorious harvest of souls."

DEXTER ROLLINS was a kind husband and father when he was free from the influence of liquor, but as he gradu-

ally came more and more under its terrible influence, he neglected and deserted those he had promised to love and protect. He failed to provide for the household. No food, no furniture, no fire; and it was only when the deserted wife made the effort to cut a few sticks to kindle the fire, thereby inflicting a bad wound on her foot, making herself a cripple for life, he took the bellows to help start the fire, while the children gathered round the stricken mother.

A book, lately published by the National Temperance Society, entitled "Out of the Fire," written by Miss M. D. Chellis, gives the story how they were saved, and brought ought out of the fires of intemperance to love and light. It also shows how others were brought out of the fires of shame and sin into the light and life of Christ's love and Gospel freedom. It is one of the best books of the year, and should find a place in every Sunday-school library and family in the land.

The Two Flasks.

With a flask of water in your hand,
You may always live in a fairy land;
You are always strong, you are ever young,
With no remorse your heart is wrung.

With a flask of wine, the Bible says,
Not strength, nor youth, nor length of days,
But sorrow, disease, remorse, and woe
Are bidden guests, and with you go.

The flask of water, the flask of wine,
Are both within your reach and mine;
You and I are friends; can we agree?—
The flask of water my choice shall be.

"Nothing can Come of It."

THE secret was out at last. It was a pitiful sight. In a room where taste and luxury abounded, where the hand of love daily arranged every little article in the Doctor's study—and now to find *him* drunk! Agnes stood gazing in amazement. He—her husband, who had so lately promised before God to *cherish* and *protect* her, already so

fallen! Could she have known this she would never have left her father's house and promised to be his wife. Now, what was before her? A life of humiliation and misery. She knew he drank a little wine. "But, then, he was wealthy, and so handsome and gay, and had a profession; surely nothing serious could come of a taste for wine." So she had argued before their marriage. Now she was to learn that this serpent, when flattered and petted by the rich and gay, could turn and bite *them* when he chose to charm, as well as the poor and degraded among men. Yes, he was drunk; and the secret once discovered, the skeleton in the closet revealed, he threw off the mask and acknowledged he had no more power over himself. Slowly he went down. First in the confidence of his people; then in the eyes of the community; and, lastly, in the eyes of his own wife, who, while she stood by him and clung to some faint hope, pitied him, lost her respect for him, and finally followed him to a drunkard's grave. More than once have I seen this picture carried out. We think of the drunkard as among the poor and despised of earth--ignorant, and covered with rags. It is not always so. The wealthy, the talented, the petted of society, if they tamper with the serpent, will at last feel his sting.

GAMBLING.—"What harm is there," said a young man, "in playing a game of cards *for amusement?*" *It leads to* the formation of bad habits—gambling, drinking, swearing; and it is attended by loss of *time*, loss of *health*, loss of *reputation*, loss of *peace*, loss of *fortune*, and loss of both *body* and *soul*.

ALE AND BEER MEASURE.—In a school "ale and beer measure" was given out to be got off. Next morning the first boy was called upon, but said, "I don't know it." "How's that?" "Please, sir, neither father nor I think it's any use, for we neither mean to buy, sell, nor drink it!"

Joe's Lesson.

JOE was a brave boy. He never knew what fear meant —as far as other boys, or any common danger, was concerned. He was first in study, first in play, and not second-best in work. He had a pleasant home, a capital school teacher, who would have told you Joe was the best boy in

doors or out. What, then, is the matter with him now? For this surely is Joe; and he isn't in his mother's parlor to-night. No, he is in jail; and, as he cannot go to her, she and Fanny have gone to him. It was a terrible shock to poor Joe's mother when she learnt that he had been arrested for stealing a ten-dollar bill from the drawer of a merchant. *Did* he take the money? It was missed from the drawer, and it was also proved that Joe changed a ten-dollar bill—a new, crisp greenback—at a grocery in another part of the town the same night it was missing. The officers believed Joe stole the money. Frank Nevinaugh was very certain of it; but Joe's mother and Fanny did not believe a word of it. They were sure he told the truth; but he had been found in bad company, and laid himself liable to be charged with anything which bad boys may be accused of doing. Joe had been a little *too* fearless. He was not afraid of wine, and not afraid of boys who could smoke and chew and drink beer and cider. So one night when five or six of these boys were to have a grand time, some one of them had a ten-dollar bill to be changed. One of them got Joe to get it broken, and then all shared the cigars, nuts, and cider (with something a little stronger for that once). The bill was missed. Frank Nevinaugh, who was in the store, had heard a boy say Joe changed a bill at a certain grocery. The bill was found, and Joe's plea that he changed it for Fred Morlette (Frank's friend) did him no good. Of course Fred denied it, and Joe went to jail. He could have been very happy even in jail, knowing he was innocent of theft, had it not been for the wine-drinking and the bad company, and the disgrace they brought. When the trial came Joe was cleared, but as long as he lived he never forgot that week in the Starfield jail. It was a hard lesson, but Joe never again tasted wine or tobacco, and avoided "bad company" as carefully as he would shun an iron wolf-trap.

Man or Monkey.

IF smoking all ended in smoke,
It might pass for a very good joke,
  When one man or monkey followed another.
But when you see lighted cigars,
With the boys who copy papas—
  Fools at one end and fires at the other.

Then comes the rub, not alone of the match.
The passions and appetites catch
  The fire of the fierce conflagration,
And the airish boy when he can,
Like the monkey which smokes with the man,
  Will be the dupe of a bad imitation.

AN old tobacco-chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favorite habit. He quotes: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

APPROPRIATE—FOR TOBACCO-CHEWERS TO COMMENCE THEIR PRAYERS WITH—"O Lord, we are of unclean lips."

Men Wanted.

THE world wants men—large-hearted, manly men,
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the psalm of love.
The times want scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years.
And land the ark, that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.
And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls;
To taste its raptures, and expand, like flowers,
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shrivelled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine.
If thou indeed wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts—
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul."

Temperance in Sunday-Schools.

DRUNKENNESS comes from drinking. If the children of America will always let drink alone, drunkenness will soon disappear. The Sunday-school is the place to teach and train the children to total abstinence. It is a part of the Sunday-School work. The Bible says, "Wine is a mocker"—"Strong drink is raging"—"At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The National Temperance Society publish sixteen beautiful books for Sunday-school libraries, inculcating these doctrines, which should be placed in the hands of every child in the land.

"Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine."

THE "Doctor" was a man who believed "temperance" consisted in the moderate use of the wine-cup, and that intoxicating liquor was the "good creature of God." He was looked up to as a kind and good minister, beloved by all who knew him. Temperance with him was not total ab-

stinence, and he was very "set in his way." John Davis, a poor mechanic easily tempted, had become a miserable drunkard, but, having a severe fit of sickness, he had resolved to reform if the "good minister" would help him. He sent for him and told him he would sign the total abstinence pledge if the Doctor would, and, the Lord helping him, he would keep it till the day of his death. John's wife was "so happy," and begged the "good man" to help her husband to become a sober man. The Doctor could not change his views and practice, and, while advising John to sign, declined to do it himself, because he "knew how to use the good gifts of God in moderation," and would not deprive himself of an "innocent gratification." Neither the pleadings of the wife, the promises of the drunkard, nor the prospect of the salvation of the soul could move him from his rock of "moderation." It was his "religious conviction that wine and other stimulating drinks are not to be refused, but received with thanksgiving"—and when John heard his determination he gave up his efforts to reform and, raising himself up in his bed, said: "Do you hear that, wife? It's a part of the minister's religion to drink wine. Shall I be wiser than my betters or holier than the prophets? Hurrah! Send Tim to fill up the black jug. If it's his religion to drink wine, it's mine to drink whiskey, and I will drink it till I die!"

The book is filled with startling facts and incidents, which are only the rehearsal of facts showing the evils of moderate drinking, and the results of the influence of good men who favor the "moderate use of wine." Its fidelity to truth and its high moral bearing will commend it to the friends of temperance as a welcome ally in the work of saving men from temporal and eternal ruin.

John Davis died of delirium tremens, after a reckless career of dissipation, never again making an effort to shoun.

In the two engravings you have the interview illustrated. They are taken from a new book just published by the National Society, of 458 pages, written in a masterly style and covering the whole ground, and yet it is a charming story which should be read by everybody. It is a choice book for the Sunday-school library.

Temperance Fable.

THE rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said: "It is my opinion, that, if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak:

"My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. *Do not touch it.*"

MORAL.—Total abstinence is the only way to escape the rumseller's trap.

Only once! and No, not once!

"ONLY once," the tempter said, with smiling lip.
Tempted thus, the young man took the fatal sip:
And time passed on. Hush! gently tread;
Death guards this night the drunkard's bed!

"Only once," the tempter said, with winning voice.
Seizing the box, the young man threw the rattling dice:
And time passed on. What can earth have
More sad than this—a gambler's grave?

"No, not once," the young man said, and, rising up,
Wavering not, he pushed aside the sparkling cup:
And time passed on. No nobler fame
Has earth than his—an honored name.

"No, not once," the youth exclaimed, and turned away.
Others filled his place, and joined the exciting play.
And time passed on. How lived that boy?
A father's pride, a mother's joy!

An hour-glass with wings indicates the speed of time. The particles of sand, flowing like our moments, soon run out, and we cannot reverse life and bring them back as the turning of the glass returns the sand to its cup. There sits the figure of a woman watching the glittering atoms, which represent the flight of moments and months and years. An old author said that God placed such high value upon life he gives us but one moment of it at a time. How do we estimate our time?

Do we waste it in the bar-room or at the billard table? Do we dissolve it in wine, as Cleopatra did her jewels? Or do we improve the precious moments in making the world better for our being in it? Have we wiped away tears from a sad face? Have we healed a broken heart, and made it palpitate with hope and happiness? Have we taken a poor prodigal by the hand and helped him to reach his Father's house? Now is the time to improve the "fast running sands." "Tide and time will stop for no man."

"Nor youth, nor age, nor man, nor woman."

Alphabetical List of Evils frequently produced by Intoxicating Liquors.

ALLURE from the paths of duty.
Banish domestic happiness.
Create unnatural thirst.
Derange the intellect.
Enlarge the prisons and jails
Fill the poor-houses and workshops.
Generate the vilest propensities.
Hinder the progress of the blessed Gospel.
Inflame the blood.
Jeopardize the interests of the immortal soul
Kindle the flames of strife.
Lead to poverty, disease, and death.
Murder the soul.
Nerve the assassin's arm.
Oppress the poor and needy.
Poison the body.
Quench holy desires.
Rage with Satanic violence.
Scoff at true religion.
Trouble the church of Christ.
Unarm the philosopher.
Vitiate the passions.
Work discord in families.
Yield a harvest of woes.
Zealously affect evil speaking.

The Pledge.

THE pledge, the pledge, the pledge we sign
Away with rum and gin and wine;
Each happy girl and boy in school
Will keep it as a golden rule.

The pledge, the pledge, the pledge we take;
We promise not to scorn or break,
We offer it to youth and age,
To man and woman, saint and sage.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading spring, the mill that stood nigh it,
The bridge and the rocks where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house by it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

The Young Man's Course.

I SAW him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own kind meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent pleasure.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold, and motionless, and was carried to his last resting-place.

I thought of his future state. The Bible teaches, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Temperance Work.

IT'S a work of prevention and cure;
A work for the rich and the poor;
A work that is slow and yet sure;
A work whose effects will endure.

Then shout for it, hearer and preacher;
Shout for it, master and man;
Shout for it, scholar and teacher;
Praise it wherever you can.
Temperance lessens the stealers,
Robbing by day and by night;
Temperance adds to the kneelers
Who in religion delight.
Temperance aids the repealers
Of the infamous liquor laws;
Temperance helps the revealers
Of light on our nation's cause.

It's a work for the old and young,
It's a work for the pen and tongue,
It's a work for pulpit and pew,
It's a work for me and for you.

Take in the Dove.

THE temperance ship was like the ark,
Tossed on the waters in the dark,
When lightnings rent the clouds asunder,
And floods rolled o'er the mountain heights,
And tempests quenched the starry lights
In storms of rain and fire and thunder.

Now to the Ararat on high—
Beneath a calm and golden sky—
Behold the temperance dove returning.
The olive-branch is in its beak,
The rainbow spans the mountain peak,
In the soft hues of heaven burning.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE Arabs say that wine is a melted ruby; the Abstainers say that it is liquid fire and distilled death.

THE slave of appetite is like the myth Tantalus, who stood in a stream, but the waters escaped whenever he stooped to drink.

THE pains and pleasures of the inebriate are disproportioned, like Falstaff's bread and sack.

A License at the Bar of God.

"YES," said the Rev. John Pierpont, "you have a license —and that is your plea; I adjure you to keep it; lock it among your choicest jewels; guard it as the apple of your eye; and when you die, and are laid in your coffin, be sure that the precious document is placed between your cold and clammy fingers, so that when you are called upon to confront your victims before God you may be ready to file in your plea of justification, and boldly to lay down your license on the bar of the Judge. Yes, my friend, keep it —you will then want your license signed by the county commissioners and indorsed by the selectmen."

"Not for a Hundred Dimes, Sir."

"HERE, my dear, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of sparkling champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am; I belong to the cold-water band," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dime if you will drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little teetotaler's strength.

"Oh! no sir," rejoined the boy; "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes!"

Noble young teetotaler! How many of our readers are as true as he?

The Good Time Coming.

"'TIS coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter,
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder;
'Tis coming, yes, 'tis coming!"

DARLING, read the sacred line,
Then lay the holy treasure up:
"Look not thou upon the wine
When it moveth in the cup."

There you see another verse,
"Strong drink like a serpent bites;"
And there you see it is a curse,
Which hardens every heart it blights.

The Right will Triumph.

"LET good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

The Best Fun.

The Best Fun.

"PROPPING up the tree old fellow? Well, that's very kind of you. Afraid it will tumble down on us, I suppose. Hadn't you better go around and prop it up on t'other side?"

Such were the remarks of a party of boys—fine manly fellows they were, or might have been; but they must needs make a target for their jokes of this poor tippler.

"O boys! for shame!" cried out Archie Graham. "We ought to know better than to make fun of a poor fellow that the rum-seller has poisoned out of his senses. I say, wouldn't it be the best fun to keep him somewhere till he is sober, and then get him to sign the pledge?"

"Capital!" said Dan Turner. "Take him up to our coach-house; and I'll run ahead and ask pa."

"Perhaps he won't go," said one.

"We'll see," said Archie, who went up and spoke kindly, and poor drunken Tim listened, and good-naturedly went along with them. They persuaded him to sign the pledge, and got him a place to work where he would not be tempted to drink, and kept going to visit him, till at last he was saved.

And the boys were all so glad of it, they declared it was much better fun than hooting and mimicking any poor drunkard. "You see," said Archie, "pa says when a fellow really gets to drinking, it's like the small-pox, or some such disease—he can't stop it when he wants to; and what he wants is help, just as we do when we are sick."

"Well, I know one thing," said Dick, earnestly; "I ain't agoing to ever begin to drink, and then I shall be safe."

"Well, I know another," said Dan; "I ain't agoing to ever use tobacco, for Tim says it was the smoking that made him want to drink so much at first."

And the last I heard of these boys, they had started a fine Society, with a good strong pledge against using tobacco, and against anything that can intoxicate.

A Temperance Dialogue.

WILLIE—"I have joined the Band of Hope, and I think the Order is letter A No. 1, and tip-top."

TOMMY—"What's the use of your going into that Order? You don t drink rum, you don't drink lager even, and you don t chew nor smoke tobacco."

BENNIE—"Good for you, Tom. Temperance societies are of no use at all. This is a free country, and men, and boys, too, should be permitted to do as they please. I drink home-made wine, sometimes a little beer and cider, and it is nobody's business."

WILLIE—"Temperance societies have saved a good many drunkards, and prevented a good many from becoming drunkards, so I think they are of some use. The country would not be free, boys, if its citizens became the slaves of intemperance; or if they were permitted to do as they pleased—because some please to do wrong, some steal, some fight, some fire their neighbors' houses, some commit murder. Now, should such persons be allowed to do as they please?"

BENNIE—"No one has a right to do wrong to another, but I refer to what he does to himself. If I smoke a cigar, do I harm you? If I chew tobacco, do I injure anybody else? If I drink wine and beer, will that make another person tipsy?"

TOMMY—"That ain't a fair argument, Ben. You have convinced me that Willie is right, and that you and I are both wrong, and I would like to have my name proposed for membership at the next meeting."

WILLIE—"Good. Glad to hear you say so, Tom; and I think if Ben will consider the matter, his good sense will lead him to copy your example; for one of the Apostles once said, 'Do thyself no harm,' showing plainly that a man or a boy has no right to injure himself. Smoking, chewing, and drinking injure the body and the mind—so

the doctors and ministers say, and they ought to know Besides, the example does injury to other people, and no one is safe who indulges such habits."

BENNIE—"I do not know but you are half right; and as I like you, Willie and Tommy (he tosses a cigar from his pocket into the sewer), better than I do any other boys about here, and wish to go where you go, I believe I will also join. You may propose my name for membership.'

Bible Testimony.

"Look not upon the wine."

WHEN the Children of Israel were travel worn and thirsty, Moses smote the rock Horeb, and *water*, not wine, rolled in living streams at their feet. When the drunken king spread rich viands and wine before Daniel, he refused to drink anything save water. When Hagar and her child were perishing with thirst, an angel directed them to a well of water in the wilderness. When the Gideonites were chosen to go out and meet the host of Midian, three hundred cold-water drinkers were the men picked for that special service. Samson, a man of great physical strength, was commanded to drink neither wine nor strong drink. Elijah prayed that there might be no rain, and the heavens became as brass and the earth as iron; then the people repented in sackcloth and ashes, and importuned the prophet to pray for rain; he did so, and in the shower vegetation raised its green palms in praise, the birds poured out their hymns of joy, the streams unrolled like ribbons of silver from the hills, and "the bow was set in the cloud." John the Baptist, the mightiest man born of woman, was commanded to drink neither wine nor strong drink; in the wilderness he lived on wild honey and water, and preached with mighty eloquence. G. W. B.

No Drunkards There.

THERE is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear.
The hearts are free from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

All the long day, in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And, down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
No fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.

Father! look down from thy throne, I pray;
Hasten, oh! hasten the glorious day;
Help us to work as a Temperance band
To drive the demon away from the land;
Teach us to say, we will dry every tear
Which drink makes flow here.

A DRUNKARD is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the robber's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man!

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON said, "The diminutive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt until it is too strong to be broken."

The Little Flower-Girl.

THE sweet little flower-girl seems unconscious of the fact that she is sweeter and fairer than the flowers in her hands. The language of Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, applies properly to her:

> " O fairest of flowers in the garden of girls !
> Queen lily and rose in one ;
> Shine out, little head sunning over with curls,
> To the flowers, and be their sun."

Flowers drink rain and dew, so should girls; flowers give sweet odors, girls should think pure thoughts; flowers appear to best advantage when dressed in their own green leaves, girls are most beautiful when modestly

attired. Pour alcohol about the roots of the rose or the violet, and it soon loses its loveliness, and perishes. Pour the same poison down the throat of a girl, and the delicate, sensitive creature will soon become the victim of disease, perhaps premature death. What the poet said of the rose and the lily may then be said of her:

"The rose then bowed its fragrant head,
And leaned upon the lily's breast,
So softly blending white with red;
Before another word was said,
They faded into peaceful rest."

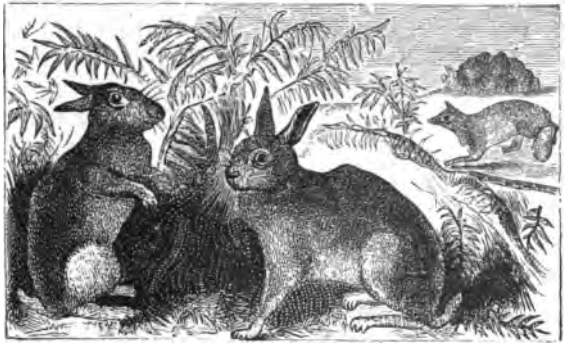
Teetotal Alphabet.

A STANDS for ALE, which we must not drink;
B stands for BRANDY, an evil, we think;
C stands for CARE, well known by the sot;
D stands for DRUNKARD; a slave, is he not?
E stands for EVIL, which drink oft produces;
F for FERMENTED, and, therefore, bad juices;
G stands for GIN, the cause of much woe;
H stands for HUNGER, that follows it, too;
I for INTEMPERANCE; then let us abstain;
J, JOIN TEETOTAL, and happiness gain;
K stands for KEEP from the Ale-house away;
L stands for LIQUOR, that leads men astray;
M stands for MALT, or Barley that's spoiled;
N for the NET in which the drunkard is coiled;
O for OPPRESSION the drunkard's wife feels;
P for the PASSION the drunkard's heart steels;
Q stands for QUARRELS, oft brought on by drink;
R stands RUM, of which we won't think;
S stands for SPIRIT, which thousands has slain;
T for TEETOTAL, which we will maintain;
U for UNKINDNESS, which the drink often follows;
V for the VICE, which oft leads to the gallows;
W for WINE, a mocker, we say;
X for a X we should bear every day;
Y stands for YOUTH, may they ever abstain;
Z stands for ZEALOUS, teetotal to gain.

Is it Right to License?

WE respectfully ask, Is it RIGHT to license man thus to mar the image of God in his brother man? Right to give him authority thus "to sell insanity" and deal out sure destruction? If it *is* right, why should *any* man be forbidden to do it? If *not* right, why should any be permitted? Why forbid all but "men of sober life and conversation" to do this, if it is right? Why allow "men of sober life and conversation" to do it, if it is wrong? Will the poison be less active or less fatal if it is dealt out with a steady hand? Will the buyer be the less a drunkard because the seller is a sober man? May this pollution be poured out upon society only by clean hands? Can that which always works private evil conduce to public good? Can that which is bad for all the parts be good for the *whole?* Can evil be converted into good by multiplication? Can wrong be legislated into right?

JOHN PIERPONT.



Happy Rabbits.

How happy the rabbits!
They have no bad habits;
They never get tipsy;
As lively as a gipsy.
When the day's heat is over,
They rollic in clover.

Learning to Count.

"Now, boys, you want to be men some day, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what do you mean to do when you grow up?"

"I mean to be a sailor, sir."

"I'm going to be a grocer."

"And I, a butcher."

"I mean to help mother, sir," was the shrill cry of one of the tiniest of all the little crew.

"That's right!" said I. "Never forget mother; always try to help her. But if you are to be all these things—grocers, butchers, and all that sort of thing—you must first of all learn a great deal, and none of you will be able to get on very well if you are not able to count quickly and reckon correctly. If you mean to be good and successful men of business, you must have your heart right and your head clear. Give your heart to Jesus Christ, and he will keep it right and true. Always be sober, and your heads won't get muddled, as many people's are. Now suppose we take a lesson in counting as far up as ten, and, to help you to remember the figures, I will give you a ryhme for every one. Then, to make you more firm in your Band of Hope principles, the rhymes will be about teetotalism. Here goes! Say them after me:

"Number one, The Beer-Shop shun.
Number two, Nor drink, nor brew.
Number three, A teetotaler be.
Number four, Keep drink from the door.
Number five, Abstain and thrive.
Number six, To teetotal fix.
Number seven, Be to temperance given.
Number eight, Don't be caught by the bait.
Number nine, A mocker is wine,
Number ten, Be teetotal, then."

By yourself drinking, you tempt others.

Cat and Kittens.

OLD cat and kittens, how do you do?
Your sleek coats are as soft as silk.
You are fond of fun, do you ever get blue?
Has the kitten got gin in her milk?

Old cat, do you creep to the shelf,
Where the pans are filled to the brim,
And take a cool drop for yourself,
And another for frisky "Tim"?

I think, Mrs. Cat, you are to blame;
If you tincture your milk with gin,
The kittens will take some of the same,
And imbibe with their drink the sin.

Onward and Upward.

THE ancient days of chivalry are past,
So long renowned in song and story,
Their glories chanted and their praises sung
By many a wandering bard and poet hoary,
Whose wild and ever-changing measure told
Of quivering lance and prancing steed,
Of knightly combat and of gleaming mail,
Of gorgeous pageantry and valorous deed.

And listening to his story in the hush
Of eve, how many an aged pulse beat high,
And youthful cheeks were tinged with Hope's fair flush
As youthful hearts resolved to "Do, or Die!"
And they who conquered, what was their reward?
Was it for sparkling gems of gold
They perilled life, and both the young and brave
Were lying 'neath the willow, motionless and cold?

'Twas for a name, an empty song of praise,
A laurel wreath, that faded ere the sun
Came o'er the hills, and gilded with his rays
The scene—now still—where victory was won.
But now we sing a higher, nobler theme
Than tales of chivalry in by-gone days;
For this shall minstrels strike their richest chords,
And poets breathe their softest, sweetest lays.

The strife is on the Temperance battle-field,
There right shall be the bloodless sword,
Truth an impenetrable shield,
And for a motto, "Onward" is the word.
"Onward and Upward" let the echoes ring
O'er valley green or barren hill.
Through crowded cities, with their dust and din,
"Onward and Upward" is the watchword still,
Till Drink, the tyrant, from his throne be hurled,
And white-robed Temperance rule o'er all the world.

Blindfold.

RALPH was flying around the room blindfold. "Here you are, thick as blackberries, and I can't get one of you! There!" he cried, at length, holding on to a broad sash, and giving a pull to some long, brown braids—"Rosa Edmonds!" "Wrong! try again!" And Fanny Lee was caught; a gold locket betrayed her, for Ralph had a liking for Fanny, and knew something about the locket. But he pretended the curls told him who she was.

The Youthful Advocate.

BY UNCLE POTTER.

(FOR DECLAMATION.)

I AM but a little teetotal man,
And cannot do much, but I do what I can
To promote the temperance cause.
I never drink ale, or any such thing
As brandy or rum, wine, whiskey, or gin—
Man's curse, and the cause of his woes.

I drink cold water, so clear and so sweet:
It quenches my thirst, gives health to my cheek,
And brings neither sorrows nor woes.
It comes from above, so bright and so free:
In dewdrops, it shines like pearls from the sea;
And in streams of abundance it flows.

Enriching the soil, it supplies us with bread,
Gives life to the flowers in the green, grassy mead,
And meets us where'er we may rove.
The beautiful birds, in the midst of their song,
Stop and drink from the brook, as it murmurs along
Through brake and through woodland and grove.

Would you sing, like the birds, with sweetness and power,
Or, blooming in beauty, outrival the flower,
With cheeks fresh and healthy as mine?
Make water your drink, and unite heart and hand
To rescue and save every child in the land,
And the pledge of true temperance sign.

HEALTH.—If we wish for clear minds, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, we should avoid all intoxicating drinks. Water, and milk, and plain, nutritious food, useful labor during reasonable hours, and quiet rest at night, secure to persons of healthy constitutions and upright conduct long life and happiness, prosperity and peace.

The Happy Family.

THE quiet beauty of the rural scene presented in this picture is not without its lesson of peace and good-will. The doves perched upon the roof and fluttering in the wind; the domestic fowls on such friendly terms with the occupants of the house, they seem to belong to the family; and even the rabbits forget their timid impulses, and romp about at the feet of those who feed them. The pleasant faces of the young folks show plainly that they are not

guilty of cruelty to animals. Were they inflamed with rum, every living creature would shun them. That forward young rooster, without the fear of future pot-pies, opens his bill, and says, "I am a teetotal chanticleer!" "Water for me and you, cock-a-doodle-do!" "Chickens have rights here: their grain is not spoiled in the distillery! We're teetotalers here, here, here!"

Lost or Stolen.

THROUGH the agency of villains, under the disguise of friends, the undersigned has lost within the past few years the following items of property, viz.:

An unencumbered estate;
A vigorous constitution;
A fair moral character;
A good standing in society;
An active, healthful conscience.

Also at the same time, or soon after, the affection of a wife, of children and friends.

The miscreants who have thus robbed me are members of one family. Their names are RUM, GIN, BRANDY, WINE, and ALE. Another base fellow, a recent emigrant from Germany, named *Lager*, it is supposed had a hand in the robbery, as he is much in the company of the above-named brotherhood of thieves, and appears to be of kindred character. The villains are still lurking in this city. Whoever will apprehend them and bring the culprits to justice shall receive the thanks of the undersigned and a cup of cold water.

WHY is a whiskey shop like a college?

Because it needs a class of freshmen to replace every class that graduates.

The Drunkard's Voyage of Life.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Preparing for Sea, or Getting Under Way.

Leaving Port after a Storm.

Putting into (the wrong) Port.

Going on a Lee Shore.

Shipping a Sea (over the Bow).

In a Squall.

Breakers Ahead.

Fast on a Rock.

Hauled Off and in Tow.

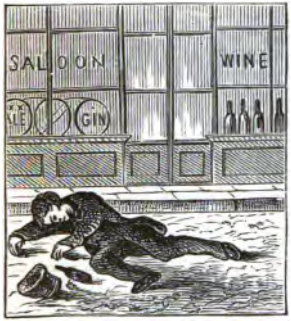
In the Dry Dock.

Anchored.

Lying to in a Fog.

Scudding under Bare Poles.

A Collision.



A Wreck.

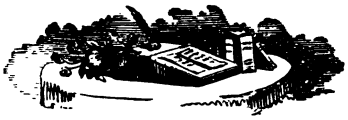
A Calm.

Overhauled and New Rigged.

Making for the Right Harbor at Last.

A Toast to be Drunk in Pure Water.

To the memory of the man
Who owned the farm
That raised the corn
That fed the goose
That bore the quill
That wrote the PLEDGE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.



License or No License.

VOTE yes! and the lava-tide of death
Over cottage, hall, and bower
Shall roll its dark, blood-crested wave
While madness rules the hour.

Vote no! and the white-winged angel, Peace,
Shall dwell in the drunkard's home;
And beams of temperance, truth, and light
Dispel the withering gloom.

Vote yes! and the care-worn heart will break,
The pale lip hush its prayer;
The wretched drunkard downward haste
To realms of dark despair.

Vote no! and the mother's heart will leap,
The sister's eye be dry,
The poor inebriate clasp his hands,
And raise his voice on high.

Oh! then, by the life which God hath given,
By your powers to curse or bless,
By your fears of hell and your hope of heaven,
Let not your vote be yes.

By the cherished heart's bitter wrong,
By the spirit's deathless woe—
In the name of God and the name of man,
Let every vote be no.

UP, up, for the heavens still circle o'er us,
There's worth to win, and there's work to do·
There's a sky above, and a grave before us,
And, brothers, beyond them all is true.

Nothing short of abstinence will reclaim the drunkard.

The Way She Cured Him.

"WHAT brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor-shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me, there is no company like yours, and, as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shopkeeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" said Tom, in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is *fire*, and *bed*, and *food*, and *clothing*. Drink; you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdall is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her *first* and *last* visit to the dram-shop.

Moderation.

"WELL, Tom," said an employer to one of his men, "how many glasses of whiskey do you take in the day?" "*Not a drop, master, I assure you, but what is necessary for my health.*" "How much do you suppose necessary for health, Tom?" "Why, master, as soon as I rise I take my *morning*, between that and breakfast I take a *facer*, immediately before breakfast I take an *appetizer*, and shortly after a *digester*. As it draws near twelve o'clock, I take another *facer*, or perhaps two, and at twelve precisely I take my *meridian;* between that and dinner I take a *facer* and an *appetizer*, and after dinner a *digester* or two; between that and the time I leave off work I take a couple of *facers*, and when done work, one right good glass made into punch to prevent taking cold; and, I assure you, master, I don't taste one drop from that until morning." Tom was a moderate drinker in his own estimation.

Old Nick Outdone.

THE devil, as Milton represented,
Gunpowder long ago invented;
But genius always finds its level,
And man, of course, has beaten the devil.

The wight who alcohol found out
Surpassed the fiend, beyond a doubt;
He, therefore, merits more renown,
And ought to wear a hotter crown.

DR. FESSENDEN.

Tobacco.

HERE are six reasons why *you* should not use it:

1. It will injure your health.
2. It will injure your mind.
3. It will waste your property.
4. It is a filthy and offensive habit.
5. It is a poison, creating an immoderate thirst, and may lead to drunkenness.
6. It may ruin your soul for ever.

Awake the Glad Young Year!

RING, happy bells, ring loud and clear,
And wake with joy the glad young year.
Ring out the reign of desolation,
Ring in the age of abstinence;
Ring the drunken demon hence
Ring glad tidings through the nation.

Ring, joyful bells, ring fast and long.
Awake, young year: a cheerful song,
From the white world to heaven ascending,
Fills with sweet sounds the atmosphere—
A song of welcome to the year,
With prophecy and promise blending.

Ring, temperance bells, ring near and far,
Ring merrily—the morning star
Above the bright young year is beaming.
Ring in the "good time coming" near,
Ring in the best and happiest year
Here, where the Stars and Stripes are streaming.

Reasons why Children and Youth should Sign the Pledge.

1. It will lead them to enquire what ardent spirit, beer, and wine-drinking does.
2. It will lead them to resolve that theirs shall not be the drunkard's end.
3. It will teach them their moral and free agency, and that they are to be actors for themselves in future life.
4. It will cause them to feel, as they never have felt before, their own responsibility.
5. It will give them a new and permanent interest in the temperance cause.
6. It will preserve them most effectually from the enticements of the wine-cup.
7. It will prevent them being urged to drink by others.
8. It will make them good examples for others.
9. It will bring them out and embody them as a temperance army—a Band of Hope.
10. It will make them active and bold to gather in others, and extend the cause.

Blowing Bubbles.

THESE bubbles are blown for the entertainment of the baby, and the amusement of the other little folks engaged in the pleasant pastime. To the philosopher, the bubbles have a meaning in which he reads lessons of life. There is a bubble coming from the sweet drop of wine at the bottom of the glass; it expands and floats before the child when older grown, and he grasps at it because "moderation" is written upon its transparent walls. Bubble follows bubble, each one bearing a tempting name,

and each one leading astray the feet which follow it. There is a story of a young man following a painted bubble up the side of a volcano. On, on, he sped in pursuit of the bubble—higher and higher still, and still higher, never heeding the thin crust which cracked under his feet. Just as he grasped the cheat, it turned to dust in his hands, and he tumbled headlong into the boiling crater. How many pursue the bubble of habit, hurried on by appetite and passion, until they stumble into the yawning gulf from which there can be no resuscitation?

Seed-time.

You say your long, hard toil has been in vain:
You fear the seed you've sown, as golden grain
Will never wave;
Will never ripple in the sunshine's glow;
Will never glisten as the raindrops flow,
The thirsty earth to lave.

Work patiently! 'Tis yours to sow the seeds
Of truth, broadcast; uprooting thorns and weeds,
Wherever found;
By stream-side fertile or on rocky steep,
Although it may not be for you to reap,
The harvest shall abound.

Press on, desponding brother! faint and weary
Though you be—and dark the path and dreary
O'er rugged ways:
A rich reward for all you'll find at last,
As bread is found upon the waters cast,
Though after many days.

It is not enough that you are praised by the good: you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cursed by the bad.

Out in the Storm.

OUT in the snow-storm—Ruth and her father; but how carefully he leads her as she clings to his strong arm. Children, have you a kind and loving father? Only a very little while ago, a little girl trembled just because she saw her father coming home at night. You run out to meet your father, and get a toss and kiss of welcome; but when poor Frances saw her father coming, she watched him a moment, and then slipped out of a back-

door, and ran as fast as she could another way. It was almost dark, but she ran on until, tired and exhausted, she sank down and fell asleep. And she never woke again in this world. While her father, who should have cherished the motherless child, slept on the floor of his wretched home, the train of cars rushed by the house, on and on, right over the spot where little Frances lay. And there the next morning her father found all that was left of his little girl who had been "out in the storm" for the last time. The bad habit which had run over her father, and crushed the manhood out of him, was more cruel than the engine that could not stop for a sleeping child.

J. P. B.

An Acrostic on the Word Distillery.

D RINK naught that's made within my walls; list to my warning voice.
I deal in strongest poisons here, just watered to men's choice.
S ave all your money, laboring-men, and then you'll wisely see
'T were better far to burn it all than take strong drink from me!
I and my masters are the cause of every drunkard's woe;
L eave off this dangerous trifling, then which hurts your body so.
L ook all around, and see the ills which spots like me have wrought:
E verywhere see my handiwork—give that your deepest thought.
R esolve without delay, and then if from my path you look,
Y ou'll live to bless the very day that my advice you took.

Beware of the Serpent.

WINE "giveth its color
Aright" in the cup;
But what will you do
When the serpent springs up—

When the "adder" which lies
Surely coiled up below
Strikes, to prove 'neath the wine
Hides your deadliest foe?

MORE are drowned in the wine-cup than in the depths of old ocean.

"Come Home, Mother."

THE "Home" was once bright, cheerful, and happy. But the demon entered, and the mother, once so kind and gentle and loving, yielded to the seductive influence of the drink, and became a regular frequenter of the public-house. Little Lucy would often go to the saloon, implor-

ing her to "come home" to the little ones who so much needed her care. The home was a wretched one, made so

Waiting for Mother.

by the wine-cup, and no wonder that by-and-by the little ones died from want and neglect. Soon it came little Lucy's turn to be going home to her eternal rest. She

had been a regular attendant upon Sabbath-school, and there had found her Saviour, who had forgiven all her

Going Home.

sins, adopted her into his fold, and was ready to welcome her to his "Home" in heaven. Her peaceful, happy

death, and her earnest pleading to her mother to "come home" to the heavenly fold, were heeded by her mother, and she turned from her cup, forsook her evil ways and associates, and started on the heavenly road.

"Our faces are turned *homeward*," said the mother, one day, when speaking tearfully, but with gladness, of her little Lucy. "Thank God! who gives us grace to press forward. Ah! when I first began to turn into the right way, I often felt sorely tempted to indulge just a little in that which had worked such ruin among us; but, if I had done so, I should have fallen as low as ever again. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' the Bible says. I was enabled to resist; and through God's blessing upon the dying words of my child, I have been called to look up in times of temptation; for I have seemed to hear an angel-voice saying, 'Come home, mother!'"

Communion Wine.

THE question of "What wine shall we use at the Lord's Supper?" is attracting increased attention and discussion. A large number of churches have discontinued the use of fermented, or "alcoholic," wine and substituted the pure unfermented juice of the grape. If the public dram-shop and private decanter are sources of temptation, then the intoxicating cup on the Lord's table will also be liable to lead into temptation. There are two distinct kinds of wine mentioned in the Bible, fermented and unfermented. The one the "cup of the Lord," the other the "cup of devils." The one the symbol of mercy, the other the symbol of wrath. The one the emblem of salvation, the other the emblem of damnation. The "mocker," which "at last bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder," is not the "cup" which is drunk anew in the "Father's kingdom."

A Happy New Year!

We wipe away the starting tear,
And hail with joy the new-born year;
We ring the bells in all our spires,
We crown the hills with beacon-fires.
The blithe young year
To the vacated throne aspires.

We deck our altars with the sheen
Of gifts which glow in foliage green,
And in the church, on bended knees,
We think of richer gifts than these.
In foliage green,
Sweet temperance and smiling peace.

O happy, happy, happy year!
Accept our humble song of cheer
We toast in water, not in wine,
The joyful days of Sixty-nine!
Not with the wine
The joyful days of Sixty-nine.

G. W. B.

The Coming Day.

WAIT, abstainers, every year
Vindicates our glorious plan,
Time rewards each pioneer
That clears a higher path for man.

Faster, faster, true men gather
Round our standard all unfurled,
Youthful son and hoary father
Now to bear it round the world.

THE manager of a theatre in St. Louis offered a silver cup to any person who would make the best conundrum on the occasion of the presentation of the cup. The following won it:

"Why is the manager of this house like a liquor-seller? Because he presents the *cup* which brings many to the *pit*, while those *above* are in *tiers*."

The Young Teetotaler.

THE young teetotaler is known by his happy face, indicative of good health and good nature. When thirsty, he dips his pitcher into the running brook, and on his knees he gratefully drinks the beverage which alone can quench his thirst. This beverage comes to us in showers—unwinds in streams like ribbons of silver in the sun—expands in lakes like molten mirrors at our feet.

We have no showers of wine, no brooks of gin, no rivers of rum, no lakes of lager. Water satisfies the flowers, the birds, and the beasts; why should not man be satisfied with the beverage which is so abundant and so refreshing?

MAY other lads copy the example of this one who drinks Adam's ale. Here is a toast for them: May they *add* their names to the pledge, *subtract* their beverage from the fountain, *multiply* converts to the cause of temperance, *divide* their time in the society of the virtuous, *reduce* drunkenness to its lowest denomination, and never break the *golden rule.*

Help One Another.

A POOR lame boy was walking along one of the muddy and filthy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen and the streets were very deep with mud and water.

While waiting, another lad saw him and cried out, "Stop, stop! I'll carry you over!" In a moment he gently took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him over to the other side of the street. In doing it he got wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the inward reward which his heart gave him. The lame boy smiled gratefully and thanked him kindly. How many tempted ones there are in your path you can carry over to the solid ground of total abstinence, if you but extend the fraternal hand of sympathy and love, helping

them over the difficult highways of temptation to the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace! He that "giveth a cup of cold water only" shall in no wise lose his reward.

What is Moderate Drinking?

IT is the doctor's easy-chair, lined with yellow, white, and brown, in which all the patients feel quite happy. It is the light-fingered gentleman who intends to feel every corner of the drawer and the very bottom of the purse. It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed in the dazzling of its coils. It is a ship on a troubled sea, without an anchor, or rudder, or compass. It is the landlord's bird-lime, by which he secures his victims and shuts them up in his cage. It is a delightful avenue, lined with beautiful flowers, filled with melodious sounds, but leading to the caverns of the dead.

The Children's Pledge.

THIS little band do with our hand
The pledge now sign to drink no wine;
Nor brandy red, to turn our head;
Nor crazy gin, to tempt to sin;
Nor whisky hot, that makes the sot;
Nor ale nor beer, to make us queer;
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home
Into a hell, where none could dwell,
Where peace would fly, where hope would die
And love expire, 'mid such a fire;
So here we bid perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.
O Lord! may thine own strength be given,
And grant that we may meet in heaven.

Signing the Pledge.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER, at the close of an examination, presented a card to each scholar to sign, upon which was the pledge of total abstinence. While the boys were deliberating whether

to sign or not, old John Wilkins, a reformed drunkard, came unexpectedly into the room.

"Boys," said he, extending his quivering hand, "do any of you stop about signing that pledge? I came here to see your teacher once more, and I heard out there what you said. If you feel now that you can't give up the accursed stuffs—the rum and the wine, and cider as well, with tobacco—why, then, now look at me, and see what you'll come to one day. I have been a mean, willful slave to all of them, and should have died a fool or a crazy man, if it hadn't been for what I promised when my poor boy died this summer. I'm now miserable old John Wilkins, good for nothing to myself or any body else. My strength is all gone, so that I can hardly feed myself; and I'm the most to be pitied of any body there is around here. What's done it all? This drinking and smoking!

"Do you want to grow up just such curses to your folks, as these things will surely make you?

"Why, what do you suppose it would have been worth to me, when I was a boy like you here, if somebody had come along with one of these pledges, and I had signed and then kept it? It would have made me a man with a thriving farm, a plenty of money in the bank that I could have educated my children with, and kept my poor, abused wife something as respectable folks keep their wives."

The whole of this interesting story will be found in *The Red Bridge*, a Sunday-school temperance book, published by the National Temperance Society.

THE BEST MEDICINE.—Good, wholesome food, and temperance, with pure, cold water to drink and bathe in, with fresh air, plenty of exercise, and a clear conscience, are said to do more to restore or preserve health and prolong life than all the doctors and medicine in the universe.

Opposition to Water.

HERE is a clear case of opposition to cold water. Our little hero can not be coaxed by his good mother into the use of water as a bath. When he grows older, he may join with those who reject it as a beverage, on the ground that since the flood it has a flavor of sinners. No one should complain of his objection to

the bowl were its contents of an intoxicating character. But our undressed and unkempt little opponent of the use of water objects to the bowl on the only ground that should commend it —because it is filled with water. Unless his mother educates him carefully, he may grow up with such a dislike of *aqua pura* as to oppose sprinkling and pouring and dipping. On the other hand, if she governs him now that he can not govern himself, she may open his mind as well as the pores of the skin, and he may grow up like the water-lily, sweet and clean, filling his sphere with the odor of a good example.

Reasons for Signing the Pledge.

1. As a check to the desire of intoxicating liquors.
2. As a protection against temptation from friends.
3. As an answer to opposition from enemies.
4. As a preservative to the drunkard.
5. As a bond of union between the members of the society.
6. As a public testimony against drunkenness.
7. As an encouragement to the inebriate.
8. As an example to all.

Paul, if on earth, would doubtless join the great temperance movement, since even from meat he pledged himself to abstain, if the cause of evil: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." —(1 Cor. 8: 13.)

"TELL me," said a gentleman to a poor drunkard, when urging him to give up the intoxicating cup, "where it was you took your first step in this intemperate course."

"At my father's table," replied the unhappy young man. "Before I left home to become a clerk, I had learned to love the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now broken-hearted mother."

Our Parish.

In a little book published by the National Temperance Society, entitled *Our Parish*, we have an interesting temperance story for the children, which should be placed in every

family and Sunday-school in the land. The evils resulting from intemperance and the "still" are clearly described, and the "brighter day" vividly portrayed which dawned upon it when its inhabitants were pledged to total abstinence. The story of the "Haymakers' Lunch" under the grand old trees, when the children were permitted to carry it to their grandfather, will be read with interest by all. After the lunch, the pure, sweet, never-failing spring supplied the beverage which God himself had given to quench their thirst and strengthen them for the remaining labors of the day.

Look Not upon the Wine!

BY EDWARD A. NIVEN.

WOULD you purchase joy and health,
Look not upon the wine;
Would you tread the way to wealth,
Look not upon the wine.
Would you rise to honor's height,
Like an eagle in his flight,
Stand and battle for the right,
Be the foremost in the fight—
Bless the cause and save the shrine!

Would you virtue's plaudits gain,
Look not upon the wine;
Would you love's sweet joys retain,
Look not upon the wine.
Health and honor would you share,
Passing on with lightest care,
Shun the tempter's treacherous snare,
Stand erect, and do and dare—
Bless the cause and save the shrine!

A MODERN Adonis went up to the pond,
To witness the feats of a sweet little blonde.
With her balmoral tucked up tidy and nice,
She was poised like a graceful bird on the wing,
And she was indeed the most beautiful thing
That floated in air over ice!

Adonis caught cold, and he died of a cough,
And he went to that place where the Croton's cut off,
For he drank, and his morals were not overnice;
He went to that place where no ponds overflow,
But he could not go to that climate, you know,
With skates on over the ice.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A Plucky Temperance Man.

TWENTY years ago, a young man went to Washington with a petition to Congress from the people of old Massachusetts. While in that city, he was invited to dine with the celebrated John Quincy Adams.

Many great men sat at the table. The young man had been poor, and was then only a mechanic in moderate circumstances. During dinner, Mr. Adams said to him:

"Will you drink a glass of wine with me, sir?"

The young man was a temperance man. But the eyes of many greater than himself were upon him. They were all wine-drinkers, and it was no small matter to decline such a request from his venerable host. No wonder the young man was embarrassed, that he blushed and hesitated. It was a critical moment for him. But he was a true man. He had real manhood, and he stammered:

"Sir, I never take wine."

Nobly said, young man! Massachusetts heard that answer, and understood it. She saw in Henry Wilson a man who could be trusted, and she made him one of her senators. To-day, as for several years past, he has been known as Senator Wilson! God bless him! May our readers follow his example, and, however and by whomsoever tempted, stick to their principles.

"SUSIE dear, pa wants me to take the bottle to the grocery and get some rum, and I am a temperance girl and don't want to go; what shall I do?"

"O Jenny! we must obey our parents; and yet, something tells me you ought not to do wrong. Let us both go and ask him if he will not excuse you."

"O Susie! I am afraid he will whip me and scold you. He is a real good pa when he does not drink, and I would rather die than offend him; and yet I feel as though I couldn't get the rum."

Just then the father in the distance, who had overheard the conversation and was deeply affected, said, with a choking voice: "My precious darlings, you need not get the rum; your poor father has made up his mind never to drink any more rum, and he is sorry that he ever caused you a moment's pain by asking you to buy the poison." Thus these brave and conscientious girls saved their father and their allegiance to the pledge.

Responsibility.

A YOUNG man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass!" It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh! the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license and pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of gain and money did not rule, "Take back the license"!

Cold Water.

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees;
It is good—it is better—'tis best.

It is good to warm you when you are cold;
Good to cool you when you are hot;
It is good for the young— it is good for the old,
Whatever their outward lot.

It is better than brandy to quicken the blood;
It is better than gin diabolic·

It is better than wine for the generous mood
Than whisky or rum for a frolic.

'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst;
'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health 'tis the best and the first;
Oh! try it; you'll find it will pay.

Moderation in Intoxicating Liquors.

1. It is the A B C of drinking, and the picture-book, tempting the young and thoughtless to learn the lessons of intemperance.

2. It is the starting-point to the workhouse, the prison, and the gallows.

3. It is an inclined plane of rapid descent, slippery as glass, from which the ranks of the sixty thousand drunkards are annually filled.

4. It is a beautiful serpent whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its coils.

5. It is a ship on a troubled sea, without anchor, rudder, or compass.

6. It is the great deceiver of the nations, promising long life, yet destroying annually more than war, famine, fire, or pestilence.

We Shall Triumph!

SHALL a people that fetter the lightning's wing
Not triumph o'er the wine-cup's sting?
Shall a race so famed on many a hill
Not triumph o'er the vat and the still?
No; the traffic shall yet be the wide world's scorn,
The battle shall yet to the gate be borne,
Nor yield in the presence of Columbia's curse
One foot to the greed of the vender's purse.

Rescue of Clarence Vane.

The Temperance Doctor.

"LIBERTY and moderation:
Watchwords of the olden time,
When the bards of every nation
Sang the praise of sparkling wine.
'Liberty!' the mocking cry.
'Liberty to drink and die!'"

"The new book entitled *The Temperance Doctor*, lately published by the National Temperance Society, is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of the season. It gives an account of the rescue of Clarence Vane from dying, and the efforts made to bring him back to life. His sister thought him dead, and bent over him, weeping and sobbing. Just then a man entered the room, bearing a glass of dark liquid. "Here is something that will put you on your feet again," he said, as he raised the boy's head from the pillow.

"What is it?" asked Eugenie Vane.

"Brandy and water," was the reply.

"Then he must not drink it," she said in an excited tone.

"Why not?" was asked.

"Because he must not," she repeated, still more emphatically.

"To be sure, Clarence will drink it," said the gentleman, who had met the sister at the door. "Dr. Walton has ordered it." Taking the glass in his own hands, he held it to the lips of Clarence Vane.

An instant more, and the glass was dashed to the floor.

"He shall not drink it; he had better die," said the girl.

"Hush, Genie!" said he sternly. "Clarence needs a stimulant, and brandy is the best thing in the world for him."

"It is the worst thing in the world for him, Uncle Randolph. Mother wouldn't let him drink it."

"Mother!" said the boy.

Mrs. Vane was there to speak for herself.

"Drinking brandy, Clarence!" she exclaimed, the blood rushing to her face, and her whole manner revealing her horror of such an act.

"Not a drop," said Eugenie, without waiting for her brother's reply. "I broke the glass, and he did not taste it."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother fervently, while the bystanders looked the astonishment they dared not speak.

Why the sister broke the glass and the mother thanked God, is clearly and plainly shown in the remainder of the book. It is one which should be read by every friend of temperance.

"The Teetotalers Confess their Failure."

THEY make no such confession. On the contrary, they declare their success. Fifty years ago, and there were no pledged teetotalers; now there are millions. The "coming man" has come. There are millions in the Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Templars of Honor, and other similar organizations, who drink no wine or strong drink. Among the churches and children, and in the community, other millions practice total abstinence. New recruits are added daily. Each new one thinks the cause a "failure" until the time when he "joined" the ranks, when, in fact, the "failure" had been all on his side up to that time. But the cause moves steadily on. Half a century of earnest, faithful work has not been in vain. The movement stands on a stronger foundation than ever before, and is rapidly advancing toward the final triumph. Instead of being a "failure," it has been one successive series of triumphs.

"WHY do you bother your head so much about this teetotal?" say my friends sometimes. "Simply because others bother their heads so little," is my reply. "If all did their share, I might have rested long since."

Purchasing Freedom.

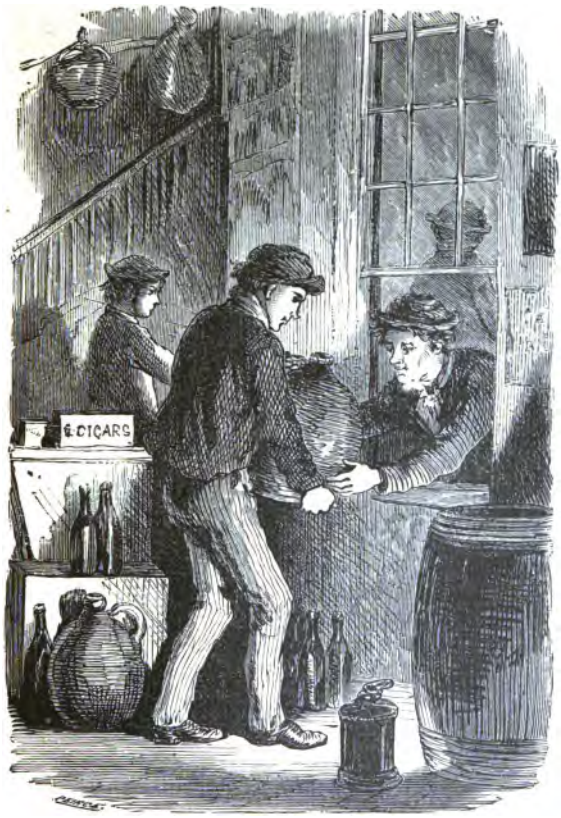
DONALD'S father not only spent all his earnings at the rum-shop, but ran up a bill for drink, which he agreed with the

saloon-keeper Donald should work out. Donald hated the rum-shop, because it had ruined his once noble father. He loved his school, and his heart revolted at the idea of leaving it, especially to go behind the bar to sell liquor to pay his father's liquor debts. In his perplexity and trouble, a kind-hearted man offered him the money to pay the debt; but he refused to take it, unless he would let him work and earn enough to repay it. The arrangement was made, and you see Donald tendering the money to the astonished landlord, who had no idea Donald could pay the money, but expected to have him for a bar-tender. The money was paid, however, and Donald worked for his kind friend many long weeks, bearing his cross meekly but nobly, until the whole was paid. He was always kind to his father even when a miserable drunkard, though it was a cross hard to bear. A life of abstinence, integrity, and honesty brought its sure reward.

Rum-Selling brings Sorrow.

A TAVERN-KEEPER in Rensselaer county had abandoned the traffic in alcohol after having been several years engaged in it. Whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to, he was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause. "I will tell you," said he. And opening his account-book, he said: "Here are forty-four names of men who have all been my customers, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave; ten of the remaining twelve are now living, confirmed sots." These are the fruits of this dreadful and degrading business!

THERE are thirty millions of bearing grape-vines in California, with a capacity of fifteen millions of gallons of wine and one million gallons of brandy.



The Evil Net.

"FILL it up quick, Russ, and pass it out," whispered Dick Bryon to the shop-boy. "I can't come around in front, you know, for fear somebody might recognize me. There's your

money. If you want to have a jolly night of it, Russ, come around to the 'Jolly Punch-Bowl' when you shut up here; but fetch along a box of cigars, a pound or two of candies, raisins, nuts, or any thing that comes handy. They'll never be missed in such an establishment as this; and you know those helped along amazingly you brought last time," he added in a little louder tone, with a knowing nod and wink.

Poor Russel shrank back and glanced quickly around him. Alas! he was in the net of the wicked. If he tried to escape, there was the dreaded exposure always staring him in the face. He must yield again and again, and what would the end be?

Dick watched his victim with an evil eye until he was sure of him, then chuckling softly to himself, he walked away with his heavy jug of liquor down to a dark corner, where a companion joined him. Then they made what haste they could to the low haunt, where a half-dozen other youths like-minded awaited their coming.

The net closed in around him, and once in their power the road to ruin was all down-hill. Avoid the net, boys, and you are safe.

THAT sparkling glass, if you partake,
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, ere yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless woe.

Then pause ere yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it stay:
Resolve forever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.

A YOUNG LADY'S MOTTO.—"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

SYNTAX—The duty on distilled spirits.

Old Ben.

FANNY hid behind her mother's skirts as Old Ben put his hand on their gate as if to come in. It was fastened on the inside, or her mother might have been afraid as well as Fanny; for Ben was muttering and talking to himself in a way that showed her he would not be a very safe person to have about. Ben had just been fearfully angry. He had been in a store near by, and what do you think he was trying to pawn to get a little money? The strangest thing in the world for a man to carry to a store for

money: it was a little Maltese kitten. And yet it is a fact that he took it, and that he swore some fearful oaths when the merchant laughed in his face and then told him to leave the store. It was not a liquor-store. No; he could no longer get anything there unless the silver, or copper or crumpled bit of paper money was ready in his shaking hand. He drew the kitten out from his vest-pocket, and shook it before Fanny's mother.

"Got fifty cents for me? I'll give you this kitten. Your little gal there'll like it."

"O mother!" whispered Fanny, "that's Zip—Jennie's Zip—his own Jennie's kitten! I've seen her carry it often. Do get it for me; I'll give it right to Jennie again."

"I have no money to give for the kitten," said Fanny's mother, "but I will give you a bun and a nice cup of hot coffee, which will do you more good."

"Better'n nothin'," growled Ben, throwing the kitten towards Fanny, while she caught it up and followed her mother into the kitchen.

Ben ate his bun and swallowed his coffee, and went muttering on his way. Fanny gave Zip a saucer of nice milk, which it ate as if it were a drunkard's cat, and, after a little, carried it to Jennie, who was glad enough to get her only pet once more.

"I'd keep it hid," said Fanny, "for some folks might want a kitten, if he tried to sell it to 'em, though we shouldn't if I hadn't known it was yours."

Poor Ben! He was once a bright and manly boy. What had brought him to such a miserable state that he would sell his own little girl's pet for a drink of whiskey? You can easily guess.

KRUHL.

Square Word Puzzle.

1. Used in making beer.
2. A bitter plant.
3. What topers always suffer.
4. A means of trial.

Answers:

M	A	L	T
A	L	O	E
L	O	S	S
T	E	S	T

A BREWER having been drowned in one of his own vats, "Alas! poor fellow," said Jekyll, "floating on his own watery bier!"

Uncle Peter's Saloon.

THEY had a merry time of it at Uncle Peter's one Christmas night. The old saloon was trimmed up with boughs of spruce and cedar, and Uncle Peter's customers were jolly friends; and he drank with them. as he often did with those who came in for a friendly glass. He was generally careful, however, to take no more than he could bear without the least danger to his good judgment, but to-night he did not heed the marks in his old-fashioned peg-tankard, but filled his cup as often as any, and drained it as dry every time. He had brought out at last a box of choice old wine to "round out the whole thing," as he said; but at length, seeing it disappear a little too fast, he began to

grow suddenly cross; and when Simon Blake called for a third glass, good old jolly Uncle Peter swore at him and ordered him out of the saloon. Simon stumbled out, but, braced up by the clear, cold air to a sense of his indignant treatment, he turned back, and, throwing open the door, began kicking the box until the bottles rang against each other and the wine streamed over the floor. Peter grew furious, and the change in the saloon in one short hour was marvellous to behold. A general fight followed. Simon's head was bruised by a sudden blow on the old stone curbing as he was pitched out by crazy men, and Peter's suffered little less by fist-blows. Not one of the "jolly company" look back to that Christmas night with joy, but not one of them has courage to kill the enemy that "crept into their mouths and stole away their brains."

KRUNA.

Stand by the Temperance Ship.

ALL hands on deck! The sudden squall
Lifts high the waters like a wall,
  In showers the angry spray is falling;
There is no danger to appal,
  Though deep unto the deep is calling.
    Stand by the Temperance Ship!

Stand by the ship in which you sail,
Desert her not when blows the gale;
  Boreas is a noisy railer.
The blow that turns the coward pale
  Brings courage to the heroic sailor.
    Stand by the Temperance Ship!

Our ship, the good old Temperance Ship,
Will ride the waves; the storms may slip,
  Unleashed about her bulwarks roaring:
The pilot has a sober grip
  Upon her wheel. I see her mooring!
    Stand by the Temperance Ship!

Ten Reasons against Intoxicating Drinks.

THE hands of one of the guests at the table are raised in protest against the use of the wine the obsequious waiter offers to him. Every finger of each hand is an index pointing toward abstinence and against intemperance. The ten fingers seem as positive as ten arguments against the drinking usages of society. Let us see if we can interpret their meaning.

1st. Stimulating drinks are not needed at the table. Tea, coffee, milk, lemonade, and cold water are sufficient for a princely entertainment.

2d. They hinder the digestive organs in the proper performance of their functions. They overtask the "absorbents," so that the

gastric juice is delayed in its important and indispensable work.

3d. They are costly luxuries, and do not return an equivalent of enjoyment to those who indulge an appetite for their use.

4th. They create an artificial thirst which "grows on that which feeds it"—a thirst which water cannot quench.

5th. They operate upon those who use them as whips and spurs do upon donkeys—excite their force temporarily without imparting strength.

6th. They exhaust the energy and life of man, and offer nothing in their place that is worthy of acceptance.

7th. They brutalize the body, and demonize the mind, and corrupt the heart.

8th. As the companions of Ulysses were transformed into swine, these drinks transform men into beasts.

9th. They shorten human life, and make that short life wretched beyond comparison or description.

10th. They lead to drunkenness, and "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Diamond Puzzle.

1. THE end of wit.
2. An expression of triumph.
3. An aromatic plant.
4. Belonging to Bacchus.
5. What whiskey-lovers do with money.
6. What rumsellers often do to their patrons.
7. The beginning of strife.

ANSWER.

T
A H A
T H Y M E
T H Y R S U S
W A S T E
D U N
S

Signing the Pledge.

THE word of some men is better than the bond of others. When a man puts conscience into his promise, he can be trusted —he can trust himself—for temptation will be disarmed when memory steps to the front to remind him of his vow. His sense of honor, his noblest instincts, his love of truth and justice, will overcome the appeals of appetite and passion, and the good angel of love of right will lead him safely through the fiery furnace. Some persons indulge the mistaken notion that the sin

of violating a sacred vow consists in the first overt act only. That is a grave mistake. Every time a pledged man drinks he breaks his promise. His withdrawal from a temperance association does not relieve him of his binding obligation not to drink. Save in cases of specified time, a pledge holds good for a lifetime. It is not subject to the changes of the seasons or the caprice of society. It is not hemmed in by the lines of latitude or longitude. Fashion and custom cannot modify it to suit the whims and wishes of those who desire to conform to the drinking usages. What a grand thing it is to keep unbroken a pledge of total abstinence! The temperance pledge contains words of silver and sentiments of gold. Let it be protected in a frame of fragrant wood, and let it ornament the wall of the best room in the house.

Epitaph on a Whiskey-Bottle.

BY ITS FORMER OWNER.

HERE lies the old shell
Of what once I loved well;
It "could not keep corked up for ever,"
So it told me plain facts,
And revealed foolish acts,
Till I vowed I would trust to it never.

The spirit has fled,
But the evils it shed
Seem to have little notion of dying;
While it lies below ground,
They're still floating around,
Into all my past history prying.

Yet I reckon the day
When I "laid it away"
As a time of most marvellous blessing.
Could I but lay its ghost,
I should rescue a host
From horrors of all most distressing.

B.

Tempted by his Wife.

A TRUE STORY.

THOMAS BROWN had been long a faithful servant for Mr. Wight, whose carriage he drove, whose garden he kept in order, and whose little home-affairs he looked after as if they were his own —all well done, except now and then when his kind heart and level head were upset by a glass too much. At last he made a firm resolve to give up drinking and not "touch a drop," much to his employer's delight. All this time Mr. Wight's home was in the city. At length he moved into the country. It made little difference to Tom where they lived, if only Mr. Wight were his master. To work for him and please him was Tom's chief delight.

so with Tom's wife. She fretted and grumbled at the change, and tried in vain to induce her husband to leave and get work in the city again. "You can find plenty as good as Wight," she would say. At last, finding argument and teasing in vain, she said to herself, "Tom *has* a master he likes better than Wight." So she went to her closet and got out the old, flat, diamond-patterned bottle, got it filled herself, and with her own hands offered it to Tom. He would "taste a bit" to please her. Then he must have more, and at last he was ready to promise her he would go back to town. When he went to Mr. Wight and told him their plans, and that "his wife was too lonely in the country," his master said, "It will be your ruin, Tom." But go they must, and *now* his wife sees his ruin, and knows *she* wrought it; for he now lives in an old alley, and is half the time cruel to her, has no work, and complains that he "is living among hornets." "If I had my old place," he said to his master, with tears in his eyes—"if I had my old place, and was not living among hornets, I might do better."

Diamond Puzzle.

[Reading the same down and across.]

1. THE beginning of woe.
2. What wine is put in.
3. What goes to buy it.
4. What it is taken from.
5. What beginners make who drink whiskey.
6. What they exchange a nice house for.
7. Nearly the end of hope.

ANSWER.

W
L I P
P E N N Y
W I N E C U P
F A C E S
H U T
P

Feeding the Mind.

THE expression on the face of the young lady in the illustration shows that she is intensely interested in the open book before her, and lost to all other sights and sounds.

Books are indeed pleasant companions. They are vital with thoughts that cannot die. In fact, books are to the mind what air, light, cleanliness, food, and exercise are to the body. As the physical health cannot be maintained and fortified without these,

so the mental health cannot be nourished and strengthened without reading.

By the aid of books the people are being educated upon this great temperance question. The National Temperance Society is doing a grand work in this line, and has already published seventy volumes, comprising books on the financial and political phase for the politician, the moral and religious for the religious work, the medical and scientific for the doctors and scientists, and last, but not least, stories for the children and Sunday-schools, written by some of the best writers in the country, any of which, when carefully read, will cause the reader to look as pleased and interested as the young lady in the picture. If you don't believe it, send for one by Miss Chellis or Mrs. McNair Wright, and find out for yourselves.

O. M.

Drink not a Drop.

If I would not be a drunkard,
I must not drink a drop
Of wine that looks so tempting
Within the ruby cup;
For such a small beginning,
Though innocent it seem,
May lead me on to sinning
More fearful than I dream.

If I would not be a drunkard,
I stoutly must refuse
All the sorts of beer and cider
Which other people use;
They may not steal my reason,
But they will give the taste,
And lead me on when older
To hanker for the rest.

BEHEAD a soldier's hut, and leave a foreign liquor. Barrack—Arrack.

On Guard.

A SENTINEL once met a spy
Sent from the enemy hard by,
Who would the fort surprise.
A simple countryman he seemed,
The guard of danger little dreamed
In such an honest guise.

"You hold a post of value here?"
The guard replied, "That's very clear."
"Brave comrades to relieve?"
"Yes," was the somewhat curt reply.
"You're tired and thirsty?" said the spy.
"*That* you may well believe."

A bottle from his coat the spy
Drew out, and, laughing, held it high,
Then said, "Wilt share a drink?
The day is hot, the draught is free,
The merrier for it we shall be."
"That too I truly think."

Sleep chained the watch, the foe drew near,
No coming step fell on the ear
Dulled by his fatal sport.
The garrison, however brave,
Now watch the foe's broad banner wave
Above *a captured fort.*

Guard well each point, and ever know
One single act may let a foe
A fatal entrance gain.
When once the *fortress is betrayed*
The fatal flag will be displayed
That tells you hope is vain.

KRUNA.

ALL who sell liquors in the common way, to any who will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? God's curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood! blood is there! The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

The Torn Pledge.

ONE day Fanny was resting on the sofa in the nursery, when in rushed John in great excitement, holding in his hand a torn and dirty piece of paper.

"O Fanny!" he exclaimed, "I have just escaped by the skin of my teeth. You can give up hopes of me; for I'm afraid I cannot hold out any longer."

Fanny's heart fluttered nervously, but she asked as calmly as she could, "How was it, John?"

"Well, you see those fellows have been at me for ever so long

about this thing, and to-day they managed to coax me into—never mind where—and they got to drinking pretty hard, and the smell of it excited me, though, indeed, I don't care for it; and then they each tried to make me drink, but I seemed to feel this at my heart all the time, and somehow I could not break my word of honor when it was all written out in black and white. Harry Smith knew this very well, and with a hint from him they all got teasing me about it. I got excited, and they tried to get it away from me, but the minute they flew at me I seemed to realize all that it was to me, and we had a pretty desperate struggle; but here I am, safe and sound—and now I want you to see if you can fix up that pledge for me again."

"O John! I'm so thankful you escaped," said Fanny. "If I could only feel that your vow was engraved upon your heart so that nothing could ever erase it."

"Well," said John, "I think it will be after a while, but you don't know what a help it is to feel my vow there every once in a while, for you know I always carry it in my pocket."

This little incident shows very plainly the value of the pledge in the hour of temptation, and also the importance of early presenting it to the young. The book from which the illustration is taken—"Fanny Percy's Knight-Errant"—dwells particularly upon this idea, showing the good resulting from it, and dangers in later years avoided.

To a Drunkard.

DRINK! drink! What are you drinking?
But for a moment hold your breath;
But for a moment just be thinking
That you are drinking—drinking death!

Drink! drink! Your wife is sighing;
See her in rags and tatters go.
Drink, but hear your children crying.
What are you drinking? Woe! woe! woe!

Take the pledge; it may save you wholly—
Save you from wretchedness and sin,
And from the depths of pain and folly
Bring you pleasure and peace within.

A MODERATE drinker is sure to go on lessening the water and increasing the brandy.

The Best Drink.

IF the grass and flowers could speak they would thank the little girl for giving them their morning drink of cold water. It refreshes, strengthens, and is to them what food and drink are to us. Thank God for the pure water! The trees drink it also; so do the little birds, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The very clouds drink water—distilled water. God made it for them to drink, and without it they would die. Man thinks water is not good enough for him, so he makes alcoholic drinks. Which is the best—God's drink or man's drink?

Dangerous Companions.

Dangerous Companions.

HARRY was very much disappointed. George and Clarence and Will had come for him to go on a pleasure excursion with them; they would have a splendid time, and he was not at all prepared for his mother's gentle but firm "No." Neither were the boys prepared for a lecture over Harry's shoulder. They got it, however, and deserved it too. Three well-dressed, fine-looking boys they were, but she had heard some words and witnessed some of their actions which made the mother's heart very anxious for Harry. No! he should not associate with such companions. Of course he felt badly, but his mother's private talk afterwards made him feel that she was right

Boys who will make fun of good things and laugh at those who are trying to do right, and yet who are generous and bright and witty and full of fun, are sometimes more dangerous companions than if they were not only bad, but surly and selfish besides, because no one is attracted to the really bad.

Some people say it is well to mingle with the evil, and show your power to resist it. But experience shows that it is far better to obey the good old precept: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

DEAR children, there's danger in looking at wine,
Though 'tis made from the fruit of the innocent vine.
Oh! look thou not on it, though sparkling and red;
There's poison within it all children should dread.

O children! O children! of evil beware;
There's an enemy secretly setting a snare.
His agents are cunning, deceitful, and bold;
They'll rob you of manhood and ruin your soul.

THERE's a sparkle in the cup,
But beware!
There's a brightness flashing up,
But beware!
In its depth a spell was spoken
Which, once felt, is never broken;
So beware!

"Keep thy Heart with all Diligence."

ALL persons have committed to their keeping a precious jewel which they can watch over and keep safe from all which may deface and ruin, if they make the proper effort. This jewel is the heart, out of which springs all the good or bad which we see in the world. If you commence to use bad words or do bad things, it will soon be defaced. Its beauty fades and its purity vanishes as soon as the thoughts and words begin to be evil.

It does not become hard and defaced all at once. The profane oath or the use of tobacco is usually among the first steps to ruin. The road then is easy and the travelling fast. It is all down hill. These lead to lying, gambling, and drunkenness. The first step leads to the second, and when once the feet are turned into wrong paths the final ruin comes quickly. We know many a young man who started out with light step, warm, pure heart, and excellent prospects, who has been ruined by bad practice and evil companions. Young man, if you have entered the downward road, stop and think before you further go. Which heart will you have? If you take God for your portion, and love him, all the other graces will be added to you.

Purity, love to man, temperance, etc., will be inscribed upon your heart in such plain letters that all with whom you come in contact will see it in all your actions. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Oh! see," said Fred, "there is 1776 formed by the fireworks Isn't it splendid? I suppose they'll show the figures 1876 next."

"Yes," said Dolly; "and only do look at the two fountains one on each side. I don't believe they can have anything nice than this at the next Centennial; do you?"

"No," said Fred, "and I do hope there will be more fountains then, and less liquor seen."

"Why, of course there will," said Dolly. "The liquor-shops are all going to be closed before that time comes, if we boys and girls work for it when we grow up."

Babylon was taken when its inhabitants were indulging in a drunken revel.

Shadow Picture.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

THE picture represents fair Temperance as sleeping, while Intemperance stalketh abroad like a red-handed savage to destroy old and young, rich and poor; while Moderation, sitting at her ease, looks on, and neither turns to awaken the one nor stay the other. There are three figures in the picture. Two of them, 'Intemperance' and 'Moderation,' are readily found; but 'Temperance' lies sleeping, and is not so easily distinguished. With the flowing river for her bed, you can discover her form, if you carefully examine the picture.

Puzzle Picture.

Answer: Abstain.

Woman and Wine.

"POP! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne;
By the light of a day that was dying
He filled up their goblets again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman—
Woman, dear woman,'" said he;
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,
And held him tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her voice fell on his ear:
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops
Rather by far than in wine!

By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when 'tis red,
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken—
Pledge no woman in wine.

What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain.
It has torn from her heart her lover,
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household goods, all scattered,
Lie tangled up in vine.
Oh! I prithee, pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—wine!"

Death's Harbingers.

MEMORY confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught,
And in the flowers that wreathe the sparkling bowl
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

Snowed In.

THE cot in the vale is embosomed in snow,
And old Tipp is away from his home on a bender.
How the merciless winds of winter blow!
The old oak sways, but will not surrender.

Now for your shovels, and into the drift,
Cut a white path, but heed not the carving.
When you reach the latched door, look not for thrift—
I fear that the wife and the children are starving.

We have reached the door of the drunkard's home
In time to save the children and mother.
May the father be saved from the drunkard's doom,
And again be a man and a brother!

Daily Duty.

EACH day its duty brings. The undone task
Of yesterday cannot be now fulfilled
Without some current work's displacement. "Time
And tide will wait for none." Then let us act
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which
So interwoven grow that he who shirks
The latter, fails the first. You cannot pick
The dainty and refuse the task. To win
The smile of him who did his Father's will
In the great work assigned him, while 'twas day,
With love self-sacrificing, his high course
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate;
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find
Us not defaulters in arrears with Time—
Mourning, like Titus, "I have lost a day!"—
But busily engaged on something which
Shall cast a blessing on the world; rebound
With one to our own breasts, and tend to give
To man some benefit, to God some praise.

WHY was it hard to get a certain politician out of office? Because he went in tight.

WHAT man is sure to keep his pledge? A pawnbroker.

"WERE you ever at Cork?" enquired a Father Mathew man of a tipsy Irishman. "Faith and I niver was there, but I've seen a good many drawings of it."

IF it is a *small* sacrifice to give up wine, then do it for the sake of others; if it is a *great* sacrifice, then do it for your own sake.

Margie's Hammer.

"I SUPPOSE you don't care for those flowers, Margie, and were just looking for somebody to give them to," said Uncle Roger, with a sly twinkle of his eye toward Willie as he spoke.

"Yes, I *do* care for them, for mother, and I can't let you 'hint' them away for *your hospital*, though they *would* brighten some old lady's room."

Mr. Roper laughed at Margie's quickness, as he replied:

"The very thing I spoke for! I was just going to the Retreat, and I thought if those roses and lilies were too heavy for you, *I* could relieve you."

"You're very good; but my mother is sick, and we haven't any flowers at home. Mrs. Farway gave me these."

"I'm glad of it, Margie. Do everything you can for that mother of yours. The world has not got too many like her. There is a great deal of sorrow and pain in the world, and I like to see every one doing something to lighten it."

"A flower isn't *very* much," said Willie, looking as if he meant more than he said, and was thinking of some trouble too great for flowers to reach. Uncle Roger knew all about it—the great shadow that darkened Margie's home—but he only said:

"Neither is 'a cup of cold water,' and yet one cannot be given without the notice of our Father. If you cannot cure the heaviest burden, help to lighten it. Flowers are good, kind words are better, and kind acts best of all. It was once said of Wilberforce, who helped so much to do away with slavery in England, that when he died he bore a million broken fetters in his hand to heaven. How many broken fetters of care and sorrow can we bear with us, when *we* go, which we have broken from aching hearts in this world by *little* strokes with the hammer of love?"

"I'm going to keep that hammer always with me," said Margie smiling.

"I'll trust you for *that*, and Willie too. Don't forget."

KRUNA.

IT is a good sign to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

"SOME will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will spite;
Cease from men and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

Fair Outside.

"THEY'RE very fair apples, ma'am, as things go, and you're welcome to your apronful of them," said Farmer Dobson as he gave "*the making of a pie*" to a poor woman in reply to her simple request.

"As things go," she said to herself half an hour later as she sat paring them in her little kitchen. "If it's a 'turn-over' I'll get from them I'll be thankful. Mighty smooth-skinned and fair outside, but soft and corky within. I'd rather have three sound greenings from the old tree at home than the whole lot. 'As things go!' When will men all turn into sound greenings, so if you hope for a pie from their promises it won't end in a turn-

over? I'm not sure whether Farmer Dobson knew the nature of this apple; and if he *did* it isn't the *worst* thing he could have done. He *gave* them away, and what's bad he didn't expect me to eat. Some men *sell* their apples, and poison them *first*, too; or sell them when they know there's poison in them, and that's just as bad. That's the way Joel Martel killed my John—selling him poison for 'a foine drink on a hot day.' It's well to look more than to the *outside* of a thing in this world. I'll tell Farmer Dobson so when I get able to *buy* apples of him."

J. P. BALLARD.

Prohibition.

BY R. T. THOMPSON.

WE wash our hands of the liquid foe,
The offspring of perdition,
And to the ballot yearly go
To vote for Prohibition.
For no man has a moral right
To deal out to another
A licensed curse to swell his purse,
Regardless of his brother.

To bring this curse to speedy end,
'Gainst mighty opposition,
We ask you all your aid to lend
By *preaching* Prohibition.
For thus you'll help to swell our ranks
And bring the good time nearer,
When those who roam will stay at home,
And love their wives the dearer.

We long to see the drunkard free,
And pity his condition;
But to uproot this upas-tree
We must *vote* for Prohibition.
For prayer and conscience both agree
That sober legislation
The best plan is—for every man,
And also for the nation.

Beautiful Childhood.

BEAUTIFUL childhood, fresh and free,
Fair as a lily, blithe as a bee,
Free from the weight of the world's dull care,
With beautiful spirits light as air,
Gambol and play in your innocent glee;
Youth is the time to be merry and free.

While you are merry, be wise, be wise;
Let your bright hopes like the lark arise—

He sings as he soars in the bright blue sky,
And fills the clear air with rich melody.
Gambol and play in your innocent glee ;
Ever be wise while you're merry and free.

Oft will the tempter sing and say,
Away to the revel, away, away ;
The purple wine sip, and laugh at care
And scoff at the friends who say, "Beware !"
Gambol and play in your innocent glee ;
Heed not the tempter, wherever he be.

Touch not the cup though it sparkles bright ;
Over youth's flower it spreads a blight.
Never can wine true pleasure bring ;
Just like a serpent, it charms to sting.
Gambol and play in your innocent glee ;
Ever the charms of the wine-cup flee.

Diagonal Puzzle.

FILL the blanks with words making sense of the sentence ; the *first* blank being the diagonal from left to right, the second blank the first word *across*, and so on in regular order downwards.

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

ANSWER.

B	O	R	R	O	W
G	**R**	I	E	V	E
T	R	**A**	M	P	S
S	H	A	**N**	T	Y
S	T	E	A	**D**	Y
B	O	L	D	L	**Y**

A man who is a slave to ——— will be apt to ——— more than he buys ; will ——— his family more than he pleases them ; he may see his boys join the army of ——— ; end his days in a ———, and never have a ——— head or hand, nor be able to meet misfortune ——— or overcome it manfully.

AN Irishman, being brought up for a drunken assault, was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I've heard the evidence ?"

Taste not the Cup.

OH ! teach not the love of the tempting cup
To the darling son at home ;
There are snares enough that beset the paths
Amongst which his feet must roam.
Oh ! throw not around the alluring drink
The sanction of thy use,
Lest the beautiful child in ruin sink,
The victim of its abuse.

The Temple Labyrinth.

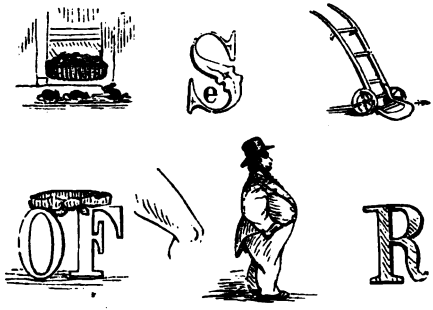
THE puzzle is to start from the outside and find your way to the Temple without crossing a line.

EXPERIENCE OF TRAVEL.—A rather fast youth was relating the experience of his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend. Said he, "I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though. You can get as tight as you please every day, and everybody thinks you're only sea-sick."

Hieroglyphical Rebuses.

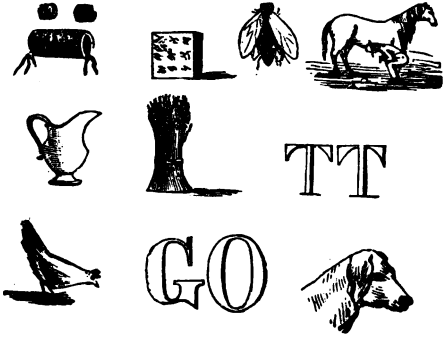
(Answers on page 256.)

REBUS NO. 1.



REBUS NO 2.

REBUS NO. 3.

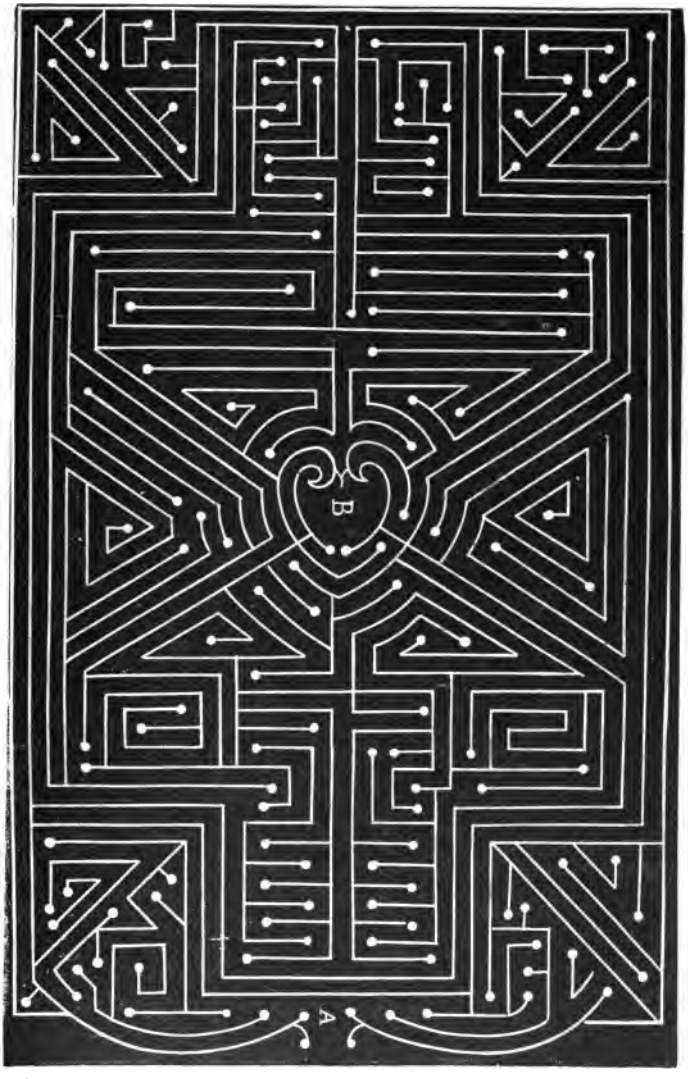


1

2

3

Answers on page 256.



The Puzzle is to enter the Labyrinth at A, and go to B, without crossing the l:

I.

II.

III.

What sailors dread.

Answer on page 256.

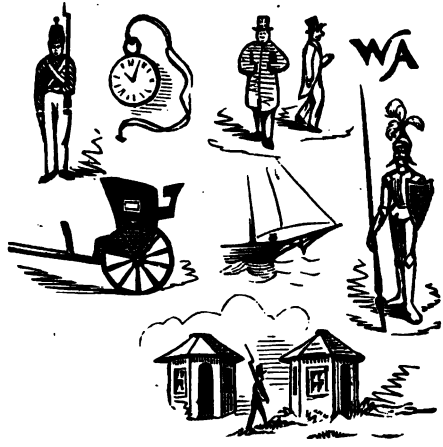
I.

E. CARSWELL.

II.

E. CARSWELL.

III.

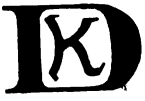


Answer on page 256.

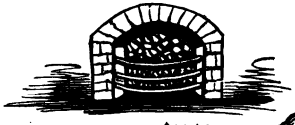
A SWARM OF BBB

1 B

2 B

3 B 

4 B

5 B 

6 B

7 B

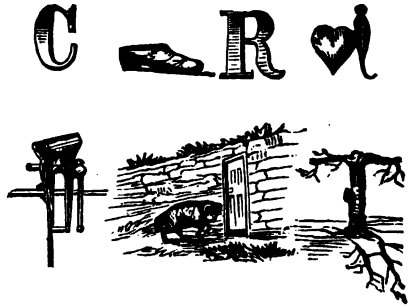
8 B

AND U WILL B HAPPY

Answers on page 256.

Hieroglyphical Rebus—No. 1.

No. 2.



Answers on page 256.

Answers to Puzzles.

Answers to Rebusses on Page 249.

1. My son, hear the instructions of thy father.
2. Wonderful panic and fright over little things.
3. First be sure you're right, then go ahead.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 250.

I.

The tiger couches in the wood,
And waits to shed the traveller's blood:
So couch we.
We spring upon him to supply
What men unto our wants deny:
And so springs he.

II.

There's a grim horse hearse
In a jolly round trot:
To the churchyard a poor man is going,
I wot.
The road it is rough,
And the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge the sad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

III.

Doctor Long expects Doctor Short to explain the misunderstanding between them.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 252.

I.

Work, work, work, my labor never flags:
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags,
That shattered roof, this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch, in poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the song of the shirt.

II.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of freedom.

III.

Friday (a fried A).

Answers to Puzzles on Page 253.

I.

A bottle sticking out of a pocket is a bad sign.

II.

Fear not to speak the truth.

II.

Private watchmen walk about all night to guard houses.

Answers to Hieroglyphics on Page 254.

A SWARM OF BEES

No. 1. Be charitable (chair) a (table).
2. Be candid.
3. Be kind (K in D).
4. Be a teetotaler.
5. Be grateful.
6. Be honest.
7. Be wise.
8. Be content (c) on (tent).

Answers to Hieroglyphical Rebusses on Page 255.

I.

The rose shall cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove,
The stream shall cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.

The sun shall cease to shine,
The world shall cease to move,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love.

II.

C low shoe r heart against awl vice, butt open the door to wall t root h. (Close your heart to all vice, but open the door to all truth.)

Cheap Temperance Literature.

LOW PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

The National Temperance Society have recently issued a number of their standard works in paper covers, for general circulation among the masses, at prices within the reach of all.

Alcohol and the State. 12mo, 411 pp. By R. C. Pitman, LL.D. What Alcohol does to the State, and what the State ought to do to Alcohol..... $0 50

Bread and Beer. 12mo, 381 pages. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. A thrilling story full of argument and illustration..... 50

Prohibitionist's Text-Book, The. 12mo, 312 pp..... 50

Our Wasted Resources; or, The Missing Link in the Temperance Reform. By William Hargreaves, M.D. 12mo, 202 pp... 50

Ten Lectures on Alcohol. By B. W. Richardson, M.D. 12mo, 338 pp. Comprising "Cantor Lectures," "Alcohol on the Body and the Mind," "Moderate Drinking," and "The Liberty of the Abject.". 50

Talks on Temperance. 12mo, 198 pp. By Canon Farrar, D.D. This book contains ten sermons and talks by this eminent divine. 25

Liquor Laws of the United States, revised and corrected, together with Extracts from Decisions of the Courts in New York, New Jersey, etc. 12mo, 138 pp..... 25

Moderation vs. Total Abstinence; or, Dr. Crosby and his Reviewers. 12mo, 126 pp. Containing addresses by Howard Crosby, D.D., Mark Hopkins, D.D., Wendell Phillips, T. L. Cuyler, D.D., Mrs. J. E. Foster, etc..... 25

Readings and Recitations, No. 1. 12mo, 96 pp. By Miss L. Penney. A choice collection of Prose and Verse, suitable for Declamations, Public or Parlor Readings, etc..... 25

Readings and Recitations, No. 2. 12mo, 96 pp. By Miss L. Penney..... 25

Readings and Recitations, No. 3. 12mo, 96 pp. By Miss L. Penney..... 25

Alcohol and Hygiene. An Elementary Lesson-Book for Schools. 12mo, 234 pp. By Julia Colman, author of "The Catechism on Alcohol," "Juvenile Temperance Manual," etc..... 30

Bible Wines; or, The Laws of Fermentation and Wines of the Ancients. 12mo, 139 pp. By Wm. Patton, D.D..... 25

Evangelistic Temperance Work. 12mo, 34 pp. By Mrs. S. M. I. Henry..... 10

Prohibition Does Prohibit; or, Prohibition not a Failure. 12mo, 48 pp. By J. N. Stearns..... 10

The Trial of John Barleycorn by a Jury of Twelve Men —Fifteen Witnesses. 36 pp..... 10

J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHING AGENT, 58 Reade Street, New York.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE have published ninety-eight books specially adapted to Sunday-school Libraries, which have been carefully examined and approved by a Publication Committee of twelve representing the various religious denominations, and they have been highly recommended by numerous ecclesiastical bodies and temperance organizations all over the land. They should be in every Sunday-school library. The following is the list, any of which can be ordered through any bookseller, or direct from the rooms of the Society, 58 Reade Street, New York:

At Live's Mouth	$1 25
Adopted	60
Andrew Douglas	75
Aunt Dinah's Pledge	1 25
Alice Grant	1 25
All for Money	1 25
Brewery at Taylorville, The	1 50
Barford Mills	1 00
Best Fellow in the World, The	1 25
Broken Rock, The	50
Brook, and the Tide Turning, The,	1 00
Brewer's Fortune, The	1 50
Caught and Fettered	1 00
Circled by Fire	40
Come Home, Mother	50
Coals of Fire	1 00
Curse and the Cure, The	40
Curse of Mill Valley, The	1 25
Drinking-Fountain Stories, The	1 00
Dumb Traitor, The	1 25
Emerald Spray, The	40
Eva's Engagement Ring	90
Echo Bank	85
Esther Maxwell's Mistake	1 00
Fanny Percy's Knight Errant	1 00
Fatal Dower, The	60
Firebrands	1 25
Fire Fighters, The	1 25
Fred's Hard Fight	1 25
Frank Spencer's Rule of Life	50
Frank Oldfield; or, Lost and Found	1 50
From Father to Son	1 25
Gertie's Sacrifice; or, Glimpses at Two Lives	50
Glass Cable, The	1 25
Harry the Prodigal	1 25
Hard Master, The	85
Harker Family, The	1 25
His Honor the Mayor	1 25
History of a Threepenny Bit	75
History of Two Lives, The	50
Hopedale Tavern, and What it Wrought	1 00
Hole in the Bag, and other Stories, The	1 00
How Could he Escape?	1 25
Humpy Dumpy	1 25
Image Unveiled, The	1 00
Jewelled Serpent, The	1 00
John Bentley's Mistake	50
Job Tufton's Rest	1 25
Joe's Partner	50
Jug-or-Not	$1 25
Little Girl in Black	90
Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams, The	1 50
McAllisters, The	50
Mill and the Tavern, The	1 25
Model Landlord, The	60
More Excellent Way, A	1 00
Mr. Mackenzie's Answer	1 25
National Temperance Orator, The,	1 00
Nettie Loring	1 25
No Danger	1 25
Norman Brill's Life Work	1 00
Nothing to Drink	1 50
Old Times	1 25
On London Bridge	40
Our Coffee-Room	1 00
Old Brown Pitcher, The	1005
Out of the Fire	1 25
Our Parish	75
Packington Parish, and the Diver's Daughter	1 25
Paul Brewster and Son	1 00
Philip Eckert's Struggles and Triumphs	60
Piece of Silver, A	50
Pitcher of Cool Water, The	50
Pledge and the Cross, The	1 00
Queer Home in Rugby Court, The,	1 50
Rachel Noble's Experience	90
Red Bridge, The	90
Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine,	1 50
Ripley Parsonage	1 25
Rosa Leighton; or, In His Strength,	90
Roy's Search; or, Lost in the Cars,	1 25
Saved	1 25
Silver Castle	1 25
Seymours, The	1 00
Strange Sea Story, A	1 50
Temperance Doctor, The	1 25
Temperance Speaker, The	75
Temperance Anecdotes	1 00
Time Will Tell	1 00
Tim's Troubles	1 50
Tom Blinn's Temperance Society, and Other Stories	1 25
Ten Cents	1 25
Vow at the Bars	40
Wealth and Wine	1 25
White Rose, The	1 25
Wife's Engagement Ring, The	1 25
Work and Reward	50
Zoa Rodman	1 00

Any of the above will be sent by mail, post-paid, *on receipt of price.*

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade St., N. Y.

OCT 17 1941